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THE Sporting Magazine

Fourteenth of the Improv'd Work

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure, Enterprize & Spirit.

VOL. 34.

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Bull Dog.

London

Printed for J. Wheble, 18 Warwick Square.

1809

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THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

APRIL, 1809.

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RACING CALENDAR 1

Embellished with—I, An Engraving of Fish....Second Plate.——II, Portrait of Wag, a Dog of King Charles's Breed.

LONDON:
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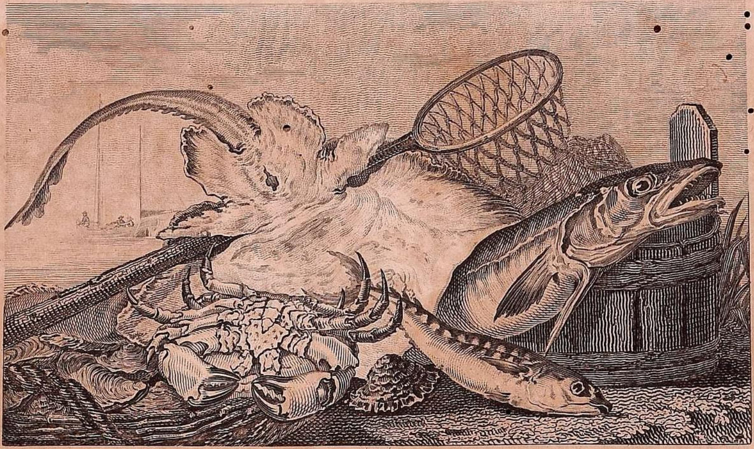
AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK-SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL-MALL; J. BOOTH, DUKE-STREET, PORTLAND-PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET; MAYNARD, PANTON STREET, HAYMARKET; AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RESPECTING the queries of a Correspondent relative to hunting with Harriers, that gentleman will find ample satisfaction on the subject he mentions, by consulting "*Cynegetica*, or, Essays on Hare-Hunting;" published a few years since, and edited, if we recollect rightly, by Henry James Pye, Esq.

We are much obliged to G. T. for his truly poetic effusions. His future productions will also be acceptable.

The favours received from several other Correspondents, are unavoidably deferred.



J. H. fecit

Fish ——— 2d Plate.

Published by J. Wheble Warwick Square London, May 1st 1809.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR APRIL, 1809.

FISH.

SECOND ENGRAVING.

THE Plate here given is so denominated, to distinguish it from the one in our Magazine for November last, on the same subject. The objects are so clearly pourtrayed, that they require no explanation: so very accurately, indeed, are the fish depicted, that the mackarel in the foreground appears so near to one fresh taken, as almost to delude the fancy into a belief that it is the real thing it represents.

DISPUTES BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,

On Points of Honour, &c. &c.

LORD FALKLAND AND MR. POWELL.

WE noticed, in our preceding Number, the fatal duel which occurred between the late Lord Falkland and Mr. Powell; and, as it originated from that declension of manners which is but too visible in this age, we shall take the freedom of making some observations upon the cause of the tragedy, as well as the event.

It has been pretty well ascertained, that this fatal occurrence originated in some of those *practical rudenesses*, in which it is now become a species of fashion to indulge. This propensity was formerly confined to the lower classes; but since our Lord B.'s and C.'s have associated with prize-fighters, and forsaken elegance and refined science, it is not wonderful that they should have imbibed the manners of their base companions. Could the late Earl of Chesterfield return from the grave, and take a peep, *en passant*, at our modern academies for finishing the education of fashionable adults, he might hurry back to the confines of death, and console himself for extinction, in the privation of such disgusting exhibitions.

Mr. Powell is reported to be a man of conciliating address, but somewhat dashed with that species of condescension, which ruder spirits are too apt to construe into manifestations of timidity: and on that presumption are frequently inclined to hazard an insult, half disguised, in order to acquire credit with their savage adherents, for being what they term a *game fellow*, that neither fears to give an offence, nor to receive one: whereas the contrary impulse is the general sign of true courage. The appellation of *Pogey*, originated from this state of insolent feeling, and the author of the grossness (if true) has paid for his temerity and want of manners.

Lord Falkland was not wholly dissimilar in character to the late Lord Camelford, who prematurely fell in a similar manner: yet there

 were

were some traits of difference, for although they were equally violent and rude, they were not equally generous. They were both Naval Officers, and each became the subject of reproof in regard to their official conduct. They were equally proud of their personal strength and their pugilistic science; but, like amateurs of that description, had very little science to boast of any other nature. They were both killed from a random quarrel, in which no true gentleman would have been engaged; and as they had both been highly obnoxious to good sense and delicacy of sentiment while living, they left but few persons who are eager to bathe their monuments with the tears of grief.

Some years since, this lost Lord formed one of that intemperate host of callow men of fashion, who constituted a *corps dramatique*, under the guidance of the late Lord Barrymore, at Wargrave, in Berkshire; where the loose injunctions of Comus were in more request than the chaster axioms of moral honour: where an Italian buffoon was master of the ceremonies, and some young nobility most scandalously truckled to his measureless insolence! That was the *alma mater* in which Lord Falkland and his brother graduated, and took their worldly degrees; in common with some other charming sprigs of the aristocracy, who spend their mornings in a lounge at a boxing school, and their evenings at the Frenchman's *hell*, in Piccadilly! first squandering their incomes on ruffians and vagabonds, who secretly despise them, and then laying *perdu*, like spiders in a web, to entrap the first unsuspicious fly that may chance to wander in the inextricable snare, to refill their purses for similar absurdities.

About the year 1792, Lord Falkland, then Mr. Lucius Cary, took the sister of Mrs. Gibbs, the actress, under his *protection*, which lady assumed his name, and has since retained it; she being the frail belle who, it has been said, has had the witchery to hold the Duke of York in mental bondage, while her fair rivals were sinking, or sunk, into the shades of oblivion.

We have observed, that as the awe of reproof from the purer part of society has been done away, by an increasing contempt for public opinion, the increase of mischief has arisen in a proportionate degree; and this relaxation of urbanity is now so operative, that the defects are delivered down from father to son, and brother to brother, like a Switzer's jacket; and the only variation is, that the investiture increases in dirtiness and repulsion as it descends!—The late Lord Brute was a *polisson* and a wit: the existing Peer is a *polisson* and a blockhead:—they would both insult infirmity, hoax Apollo, and quiz a high priest: the impulses were the same—the difference merely lay in faculty.—These are portraits of nearly the whole brood.

The impertinent habits of our honourable *Shuffletons* are so fixed, that they are absolute characteristics of their state and order: and it may require a convulsion in morals to restore them to the blandishments of reason. When Mrs. H. Johnstone builds an hospital for deserted infants, and Elliston breaks his looking-glass, then, and then only, shall we be inclined to admit the probability of an amendment in our young men of distinction.

Notwithstanding the heavy and serious responsibility which attaches to public violations of good order,

der, yet we find that the practice is continued, in despite of concomitant danger. A fracas occurred during this month at the Opera-house, where two of our modern *soi-disant* junior gentlemen amused themselves by spitting on the *figurantes*, from a stage box. One of the jackanapes was afterwards discovered behind the scenes, where an indignant understrapper of the *Ballet* gave him a sound chastisement for his brutality. But our stylish *buckeens* seem all pigs of the same sty: parallel in propensities, rudeness, and all absence of feeling, either as to what is due to themselves or others, as Christians or as men. They offend the weak, because they think they dare do it with impunity; and, eventually, become so insulting from habit, that they seem to have lost all power of stopping in the career of folly and intolerance, until an adequate vengeance sweeps them from the face of the earth. W.

CAPTAIN SANDON.

ALTHOUGH we have touched but lightly on the subject of the enquiry into the conduct of the Duke of York, (it being of a nature not very applicable to our work) yet under this head, of "*points of honour among gentlemen*," we deem the following a necessary article for insertion in this part of our Miscellany, not, however, with a view to "press the broken reed," but to shew the truth of the old adage, that "*the weakest generally goes to the wall.*" Captain Sandon, since the under-mentioned event, has been dismissed the service, while the Duke of York, though the principal in the transaction which brought disgrace upon Sandon, has only been compelled to resign; and is now daily receiving the slavish servility which the wretched expectants of a Court are ever ready to bestow. Sandon, doubtless, by withholding the *short note*, as it is called, meant not only to shelter himself, but the Duke of York likewise.—Colonel Hamilton, Sandon's commanding officer, whose officiousness brought all the consequences on Sandon, evinced nothing more than a courtly offering of incense to the Commander in Chief, and which, after all, did his cause more harm than good.

In the House of Commons on the 28th of March, on the motion of Mr. Fane, Captain Sandon was called to the Bar, and addressed by the Speaker in nearly the following terms:—

"Captain Huxley Sandon—This House having entered on a solemn inquiry of the utmost importance to the due administration of the Army, and of the deepest personal concern with respect to the honour of the Illustrious Commander in Chief, you were called upon to give evidence on the matters in issue; and in the course of your evidence, were, by this House, adjudged to be guilty of gross prevarication. This offence, at all times destructive of the just authority and privileges of this House, and subversive of the common sanctions of civil society, was, in your case, peculiarly aggravated by your military character and profession; a character of which truth and honour ought ever to be the inseparable companions. It is your reproach to have fallen from this high eminence, and to have closed a long career of corrupt practices, by incurring the most ignominious sentence which the justice of this House can inflict. Nevertheless, the House, taking into considera-tion

tion your expressions of shame and sorrow for your misconduct, and having compassion on the broken state of health under which it is alledged you are suffering, has consented to put an end to your imprisonment. It has therefore ordered you to be discharged, and you are discharged accordingly, paying your fees."

The Speaker's reprimand was ordered to be inserted in the Journals.

COURTS MARTIAL.

ON Monday and Tuesday, the 11th and 12th instant, a Court-Martial was held in the State-room, in Portsmouth garrison, on Captain Christie, of the Fifeshire Militia, charged with having, on the 29th and 30th of January last, used malicious, unofficerlike, and ungentlemanlike expressions; saying, "That Major Rutherford, their commanding officer, was a brute and an idiot;" tending thereby to lower him in the opinion of the officers, and highly prejudicial to the good order and subordination of the regiment.—Colonel Sir David Rae, Bart. of the Middlesex militia, President; Captain Hill, of the Durham militia, Judge Advocate.

The Court sat by adjournment till the Wednesday following; when the proceedings closed. The minutes were sent to London for his Majesty's approval.

During two days of this month, a Court-Martial was held on Captain Chamberlayne, of the West Essex Militia, on the following charge, preferred against him by Lieutenant-Colonel Duckett, of the same regiment: "That, on or about the 12th day of March last, Captain Chamberlayne, being then at the public mess-room at Haslar Barracks, did assert, that he would not believe Lieutenant-Col. Duckett, if a Bible was put into his hands, and he was to swear; and that he looked upon him to be that sort of fellow, that he would not believe him, by God Almighty, if he took a solemn oath on the Bible, or words to that effect; and on or about the 23d day of the said month of March, that he, Captain Chamberlayne, did also, at the mess-table of the said barracks, assert, that Lieutenant-Colonel Duckett was the greatest courtier, and the damn'dest poltroon, in England, or words to that effect:—a conduct and behaviour scandalous and unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman, and highly prejudicial to good order and military discipline."

The prosecution having closed, Captain C. requested time to prepare his defence.

When his Majesty's pleasure is known respecting the above Courts-Martial, we shall endeavour to obtain copies of the sentence upon each, and give them in a future Number.

A Court-Martial was held at Portsmouth, on Tuesday and Wednesday the 11th and 12th instant, on the Hon. Captain George Cadogan, of his Majesty's ship Crocodile, on charges exhibited against him in a memorial from Richard Cumberland, Esq. to the Lords of the Admiralty, setting forth that Capt. Cadogan, and his first Lieutenant (Mr. Devon), had acted in a cruel, tyrannical, and oppres-

sive

sive manner towards Wm. Richard Badcock, a midshipman of the Crocodile, and grandson of the complainant; which conduct had hastened his death. The Court agreed, that the charges had not been proved against the said Hon. Captain Cadogan; that many of the observations stated in the memorial of the Prosecutor were unfounded; and that the death of the said W. R. Badcock could not, in the most remote degree, be ascribed to the punishment he received on board his Majesty's ship Crocodile; and did therefore adjudge the Hon. Capt. George Cadogan to be *acquitted*. — Rear-Admiral Otway, President.

The following Court Martial was lately held at Plymouth, of which Rear-Admiral Sutton was President:—Lieutenant Thomas Harris, Second Lieutenant of the Orestes, was tried on the following charges, viz. "For disobedience of orders, neglect of duty, and contemptuous answers to his Captain; for falsely telling him that he had struck him; for taking a quantity of liquor from the spirit-room in the absence of the First Lieutenant; for contempt to his Captain, and using provoking speeches to the Master." The charges (with the exception of falsely telling his Captain that he had struck him) were adjudged to be proved; and Lieutenant Harris was sentenced to be dismissed his Majesty's service.

DERBY AND OAKS.

BETTINGS for the Derby and Oaks' Stakes, April 27.

DERBY.

7 to 4 agst Wizard.
7 to 2 agst Cock Robin.
7 to 1 agst the Duke of Grafton's Prunella colt.
11 to 1 agst Fair Star.
15 to 1 agst Mr. Norton's, out of Jemima.
High odds against the rest.

OAKS.

4 to 1 agst Chryseïs.
5 to 1 agst Spindle.
6 to 1 agst Britannia.
8 to 1 agst Maid of Orleans.
11 to 1 agst Countess.
12 to 1 agst Dee Nymph.
18 to 1 agst Prophetess.

EXTRAORDINARY FOX-CHASE,

In the County of Essex.

MONDAY, the 27th ult. the Lexden hounds met at the Ferriers, near Bures: after drawing those covers, they found a gallant fox in Clees-Hall wood, which took a round by Colne Park, Pebmarsh, Catly Cross, and Bulmer great wood, where he was headed to Twinsted Hall, and back to the cover where he was found; he then ran the same country to Catly Cross, and from thence in a straight line to Halstead and Sible Hedingham, where he was killed, after a run of four hours and ten minutes, without a check.

Of seventy horses that started, only the huntsman and whipper-in, mounted upon two seasoned hunters, (well known in the hunt) were in at the death. Five others came up, after the hounds had devoured

voured their well-earned prey, but so completely tired, that they with difficulty reached Halstead on the way home;—there the hounds rested a while, and the party having refreshed themselves, returned home, highly gratified with the sports of the day.

A noted black mare, belonging to Mr. Bacon, of Wormingfield, was found dead in the stable next morning; and Mr. Newman's brown mare, and a famous young horse of Mr. S. Hobbs's, at Barrack-Hall, it was feared would share the same fate. Harder running, and a more severe chase, were seldom witnessed. It is computed they must have run above forty miles.

These famous hounds have killed their last twenty foxes, and, from their superior management, this highly respectable hunt was expected to close the season with greater sport than any pack in the kingdom.

THE COVENTRY ACT.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

AS some of your Readers are probably unacquainted with the nature of the *Coventry Act*, to which Mr. Ellison lately alluded in the House of Commons, you will oblige me by inserting, in your next Magazine, the following extract from Blackstone's Commentaries on that subject:—

The *Coventry Act* was occasioned by an assault committed on Sir John Coventry in the street, and slitting up his nose, in revenge, as was supposed, for some obnoxious words uttered by him in Parliament. On this statute, Mr. Coke, a Gentleman of Suffolk, and one Woodburn, a labourer, were indicted in 1722; Coke for hiring and abetting Woodburn, and Woodburn for the actual fact of slitting the nose of Mr. Crispe, Coke's brother-in-law. The case was singular. The murder of Crispe was intended, and he was left for dead, being terribly hacked and disfigured with a hedge-bill; but he recovered. Now the bare intent to murder is no felony; but to disfigure, with intent to disfigure, is made so by this statute; on which they were therefore indicted; and Coke, who was a disgrace to the profession of the law, had the effrontery to rest his defence upon this point, that the assault was not committed with an intent to disfigure, but with an intent to murder, and therefore not within the statute.

But the Court held, that if a man attacks another to murder him, with such an instrument as a hedge-bill, which cannot but endanger the disfiguring him, and, in such attack, happens not to kill, but only to disfigure him, he may be indicted on this statute; and it shall be left to the Jury, whether it were not a design to murder by disfiguring, and consequently a malicious intent to disfigure as well as to murder. Accordingly, the Jury found them guilty of such previous intent to disfigure, in order to effect their principal intent to murder; and they were both condemned and executed.—I am, gentlemen, your's, &c.

MAN-

MANNER OF CATCHING GEESE AND DUCKS IN INDIA.

By a recent Traveller in Bengal, &c.

IT is curious to observe the precautions wild fowl take to preserve themselves from danger, particularly the geese and Braminah ducks: the latter are very beautiful birds, of a deep orange colour, with white ruffs round their necks, and of a size somewhat larger than muscovy-ducks. Before they venture to indulge themselves in the water, they post a sentry on the most elevated spot, with as much regularity as a guard of soldiers: sheep, cattle, and other animals, approach his post without exciting alarm; but no sooner does their grand enemy, man, particularly an European, make his appearance, although at a considerable distance, than the sentry gives a signal, which the rest immediately attend to, by leaving off their sports, and preparing for flight. If the person continues to advance towards them, the sentry gives another signal, and springs up into the air, where he is followed by the rest of the flock, so that it is extremely difficult to get within shot of them. They are, however, hardly worth much trouble, as they are in general rank and ill-flavoured; but the widgeons, duck, and teal, are excellent, and they abound in every part of the country in astonishing numbers.—The natives have an odd way of catching them, which, on account of its singularity, I cannot avoid mentioning.

The sportsman repairs to the scene of action early in the morning, before day-light, with a bag, an earthen pot, some clods of earth and grass, and a few small green boughs; he approaches the lake in the part most remote from his game, and proceeds in his operations with the greatest silence and circumspection; the bag is fastened round his middle, in such a manner that it may hang down before him; he then slips gently into the water up to his chin, and covers his head with the earthen pot, the sides of which had previously been perforated with several holes to admit the air, as well as to enable him to see his way; the outside of the pot is covered with the clods of earth and the green boughs, which give it the resemblance of a detached fragment of the bank.

Thus disguised, he creeps along towards his game, taking care not to go beyond his depth; the unsuspecting ducks gambol about, and nibble at the grass on the pot, unconscious of the foe lurking beneath: he now proceeds to business, and catching hold of one of them by the leg, with a sudden, but silent jerk, pulls it under water, dislocates the neck, and then crams it into his bag; the sudden disappearance of the bird excites no alarm in the others, as they naturally conclude that it was merely diving in sport: he goes on in this manner until he fills his bag, when he retreats with the same caution he advanced, and carries his prize to the next station, to sell to the Europeans, as birds of every description are held in the utmost abhorrence by the Hindus as an article of food; and the Mahometans, like the Jews, eat nothing but what has had its vital blood shed on the ground, and a particular form of prayer repeated at the time.

THE DYING DOG.

IN a cause lately tried at Dublin, the lessees of Earl Massarene *v.* George Doran and the Countess of Massarene, his wife, in which a verdict was given for the Plaintiff, the following, among other curious evidence, occurred:—Mrs. Sowen, of Dublin, said, the Lord and Lady Massarene came to live in her house in the year 1802. She recollected an extraordinary occurrence respecting the death of a dog. When the dog became ill, Lady Massarene took it out in a carriage, in order to obtain medical advice. She then brought it home, took it to the drawing-room, and made a sad lamentation. Witness went in to know what was the matter; she beheld the dog lying on the carpet, Lady Massarene on her knees, weeping over it, and Lord Massarene by her side, consoling her. His Lordship then took the dog in his arms, and carried it to an open window, to give it a little air; after some time he brought it in, and laid it again on the carpet. Lady Massarene exclaimed, the dog was dying fast; it was certainly gone. His Lordship assured her that it was not, and told her that he had seen many people die, but that was not the way they died; and in order to convince her that the dog was not so near death as she supposed, he would shew her the manner in which people commonly die; he then stretched himself on the carpet, continued quiet for a little time, then turned himself from side to side, began to distort his features, stare with his eyes, throw about his arms, work himself into the appearance of convulsions, and then expired. This scene being done, he returned to Lady Massarene and the dog. The witness then left them, and retired to her own room. In the morning she found all the family in extreme distress, for the dog was actually dead. The carcase was suffered to remain some time in the drawing room, and towards the evening was carried into the bed-room of Mrs. O'Duran, to be waked. Next day a number of people came to her house, among whom was a plumber with a lead coffin for the dog, and a carpenter with an outer shell; plumber's account was 4l. 11s. When the carcase was put into the coffin, a car was procured to carry it to Antrim Castle, and positive orders were given that fifty dogs should attend the funeral in white scarfs, and that all the dogs of the parish should also be present.

CHRISTOPHER THE BLACK, AND THE CARTER.

From Ryley's Itinerant; or, Memoirs of an Actor.

IN a few days after the above accident, my mother took a house at Fulham, and we left Kensington, my school, and all my old companions. We were conveyed to our new residence in a hackney coach, in which were my father, mother, and self; Mrs. Betty, an antiquated virgin, who had long lived in the family; and an old dog, called *Prosper.* Christopher, our honest black, was seated with the coachman.

The cavalcade had proceeded about a mile, when an accident happened, which I shall relate, because it does honour to the feelings of our black brethren.—A poor ass, heavily laden, to make way for us, had crept close to the hedge; which a ma-

a malicious carter observing, whipped his horses so near it, that the unfortunate animal, weak and overburdened, fell under the load, and one of the wheels went over its head. My father swore—mother screamed — Betty said, "La! ma'am, it's nothing but a jackass" —and I called the carter "a barbarous dog." But honest Christopher did not take it so quietly; his blood boiled, and he uttered a volley of incoherent language, that none of us understood; only, now and then, we could hear—"Dam a dog!—kill ass! poor ass!—Dam a rogue—a villain—a scoundrel!" By this time the owner of the prostrate beast had stopped the carter's horses, and a mob was collected; but, unfortunately, the sandman was old and feeble, consequently unable to gain redress by force; and all he could say was answered by a laugh from the brute who had injured him, till Christopher's rhapsody, as above, drew the attention of all present. "Give us none of your *jabber*, you *black devil*," said the carter, "or I'll pull you off your perch, *Mr. Belzebub!*" Christopher now began to be more articulate: "You kill a poor ass, you dam rogue!—and, if my massa and missy vill let a me, me vill teach a you to call a me *Belzebub*." "You be d——d!" said the brute; and taking a large quid of tobacco from his under-lip, threw it in Christopher's face. This was too much for Kit to bear; down he jumped, and the mob made a ring for the combatants. "Christopher sha'n't fight," said my mother. "He shall," exclaimed my father—"and so would I too, if I could. If Kit conquers, I'll give him a guinea; I know he is game, but he wants science—Halloo, Kit!—harkee!—don't fight fast—follow your blow, and keep under your wind!" Kit was tall, well made, and muscular, about twenty-five years of age, with courage equal to any thing, but little or no knowledge in the *Broughtonian* science. This infernal carter was young, broad set, strong built, and well studied in the art of boxing; in short, he was above a match for Kit. However, to it they went—now advancing—now retreating—much prudence on both sides; at length Christopher's spirit broke through all bounds, and he lent his adversary a blow under the left ear, which laid him prostrate. A loud huzza from the mob, with "Well done, *Blackey!*" gave us hopes that Kit was victorious; but this was by no means the case; the carter returned to the charge with redoubled fury, and for half an hour a more equal and desperate contest was never seen. At length, however, skill and cool deliberation had well nigh overcome strength and true courage; poor Kit, almost spent with giving and receiving many weighty blows, began to lose ground. The mob loudly proclaimed the carter's superiority. My mother cried, so did I; my father swore; *Prosper* barked; Betty said, "Don't cry, ma'am, you know he is but a black," — when, on a sudden, "Well done, *Blackey!*" again gave us hopes. Kit was left-handed; his antagonist, not being aware of this, kept not so good a guard on that side, as he otherwise would have done. Christopher observing this, and fully bent on retrieving his honour, threw all his strength into his left arm, and aimed a savage blow between the carter's eyes, which instantly took effect, by leaving him in total darkness. He now struck at random, while Kit,

 encouraged

encouraged by the mob, rallied his almost exhausted strength, and poured in such a volley of blows, that our joy for his victory was turned into pity for the vanquished carter, on whom no trace of a human face could be seen. At our request the mob took him into a public-house, very near the scene of action.

Kit remaining master of the field, was idolised by the populace. "Never saw a *Black* fight so before," said one—"He's a fine fellow," cried another—"What a pity he should be a *slave!*" exclaimed a third. "It's a lie!"—said my father, leaning out of the coach window—"he's no *slave; he's a Christian*, and entitled to the liberty of an *Englishman*—No *slaves* in this country, my lads—God bless the King! I'll drink his health, and so shall Kit—Here, my honest friend, fetch a crown bowl of punch." Before the liquor arrived, my father had sung several verses of "*Britons never shall be slaves.*"

By this time Kit had got his bruises anointed, and himself dressed; but when he appeared at the coach door, a figure presented itself which I shall never forget. No trace of feature was discernible; something like eyes were now and then observed to move under two bags, which, I suppose, would have been black, had his skin been of any other colour; his nose, originally flat, was now totally lost amidst his swoln face. In this condition my father insisted that he should get into the coach, and Mrs. Betty take his seat on the box; which arrangement sensibly mortified the pride of this poor virgin. Thus situated, we pursued our journey, after my mother had given something to the poor man, who, in losing his ass, had lost his all.

MARTIAL'S COUNTRY SEAT;

OR,

The Difference between that and a Town-House at a Distance.

AMONG the epigrams of Martial, some of them are singularly valuable for their descriptions of manners and customs prevailing at that time in the capital, and in the provinces. In one long epigram, he describes the picture of an Italian villa, the abode of rural plenty, in contrast to a mere country box in the suburbs.

This poet, who wrote in the first century, begins with telling his friend Bassus, that the Baian villa of their friend Faustinus is not one of those which idly occupy a wide space of ground with plantations of useless myrtle, the sterile plane tree, or shorn box, but is a genuine rustic country house.—The Baian territory, near Naples, was then one of the favourite retreats of the Roman nobility.

"Here," says Martial, "at the house of Faustinus, every corner is crammed with the gifts of Ceres, and numerous casks smell of the products of remote autumns. Here, on the approach of winter, the vine-dresser brings in late bunches of grapes; bulls bellow in the deep valley; and the calf, with unarmed forehead, longs for the combat.—Here wander all the tribes of the poultry yard; the cackling goose and the gemmed peacock, the painted partridge, and the spotted Numidian fowl, with the pheasant from Colchos. Here strutting cocks court the Rhodian hens; the turrets resound with the clattering pigeon, the cooing of the stock dove, and the plaintive turtle. The greedy swine follow the feeder's apron, and the fleecy lamb expects its full mother. Well-fed domes-

tics

tics surround the clear fire, and whole trees flame before them.—Here no one is pale with idleness, or occupied with useless exercises; but one lays snares for the voracious thrushes, another draws out fish with his trembling rod, or brings home the hind, entangled in his toils. In the mean while, the garden employs the town-bred servants, and even the ministers of pleasure obey the farm-bailiff.—Not a rustic comes to pay his respects empty-handed, but brings either white honey in the comb, or a new cheese, or sleepy dormice from the wood, the capon, or the bleating offspring of the shaggy goat.—Well-grown daughters of honest husbandmen bring their mothers presents in osier baskets.—The glad neighbour is invited when his work is done; the unsparing board makes no reserve for the morrow's feast; and the satiated servant does not envy the tipsy guest.

"You, Bassus, on the contrary, possess, close to the city, an elegant starving place, and from a lofty tower you look down upon barren laurels, in a garden where Priapus is in no fear of thieves. You feed a vine-dresser with town-bought meal, at leisure to carry out to your painted villa herbs, eggs, pullets, fowls, meat, fruit, cheese, &c. Is this to be called a country seat, or a town-house at a distance?"

SNAKES IN JAMAICA.

THERE are two dangerous species of snakes in Jamaica, the yellow and black: the former is ten feet in length; the latter, five feet. One of the yellow species entered the bed-chamber of a gentleman, where it crawled upon the bed, and coiling itself on the bed-clothes, fell very contentedly asleep. On awaking in the morning, the gentleman feeling something press very heavily upon him, lifted up his head, and was electrified at the sight of a monstrous snake, which had been his bedfellow all night. His situation may easily be conceived: he durst neither move nor call assistance. At length, the negro servants finding that he did not rise at the usual hour, looked through the lattices, and saw the cause, the musquito net of the bed happening to be up. They soon got the door opened, and relieved the gentleman from his distressing situation by killing the snake.

MOUSHOU'S DIARY.

SUNDAY.—No buishness to be done—de Christians all out, making holiday—waited at home for Levi—he never come—took a walk in St. George's Fields—bad luck all de day.

Monday.—At 'Change till two—man in red coat wanted to borrow monish—did not like his looks—called in afternoon in St. James's-street—not at home—bad luck—thought to have touch'd dere.

Tuesday—On 'Change—met de gentleman wid de white wig—wanted more monish—let him have it—good securities—like white wigs—carried my advertisement to de newspapers—signed Z—pretty crooked letter dat—always sure to bring in cushtomers.

Wednesday—Met my good friend, Mr. Smash—not seen him a long time—arrested him for de monish he owed me—went home to prepare for de Sabbath.

Thursday

Thursday and *Friday*—Pad in ped.

Saturday—Went twice to de Synagogue—repented of my shins—felt much comforted—remember to call in de morning on de man wid de white wig.

DEATH OF A PEDESTRIAN.

THAT noted pedestrian, Thomas Savagar, or Guinea Tom, died lately, near Hereford, in the 75th year of his age. He was a native of Kingsland, and was only five feet four inches high: he was lame from his youth, in consequence of one leg being considerably shorter than the other.

In the year 1789 he undertook, for a wager of twenty guineas, to walk 404 miles in six days, the same number that the famous Powell accomplished in the same time. The line agreed upon for the display of his agility was on the turnpike road from Hereford, thro' Leominster, to Ludlow, and back again. Owing to the uneveness and badness of the road in general, and especially to the lofty hill of Dinmore, which he was obliged to pass three times a day, the odds at starting were a guinea to a shilling against him, which were increased on the third day by a fall of snow, which made the road exceeding slippery. He continued his career, however, with infinite spirit, and won his wager within five hours of the time allowed.

It appeared afterwards, by adding together the superfluous ground he had walked, to his lodgings at Hereford, Ludlow, &c. contiguous to the road, that instead of 404, he had actually travelled no less than 429 miles!

WINNERS OF ROYAL PLATES AT NEWMARKET.

THE following is a List of the five-years old Mares, &c. carrying 10st. each, over the Round Course, (three miles, six furlongs, and ninety-three yards) that have won Royal Plates, from April, 1727, to April, 1809, inclusive.—Those marked (§) were winners of Royal Plates at Black Hambleton, Yorkshire:

Lord Portmore's (late Captain Appleyard's) Bald Charlotte, § by Old Royal, dam by Castaway........................ 1727

Colonel Howard's ches. mare, by Sir William Strickland's Arabian, out of the Carlisle Gelding's dam—beating Mr. Thompson's Molly Mog, and ten others........................ 1728

Hon. Mr. Vane's Miss Pert, § by the Thoulouse Barb—beating the Duke of Bolton's Cleopatra, by Bay Bolton; the Duke of Somerset's Miss Belgrade; and six others 1729

Mr. Egerton's Nanny, § by the Pigott Turk—beating Lord Halifax's Miss Halifax, and three others...................... 1730

Mr. Jackson's Favourite, § by Lord Widdrington's Grey Horse, out of Miss Neesham's dam—beating the Duke of Bolton's Gipsy, by Bay Bolton, and two others 1731

Mr. Colville's Smiling Molly, by a Son of Darley's Arabian—beating Mr. Williams's Whitenose, Mr. Routh's Young Nancy,

Mr.

Mr. Deighton's Molly, Mr. Carey's Miss Tippet, and the Duke of Bolton's Mary Gray § (who slipped her girths, and the rider fell, when winning) ... 1732

Duke of Ancaster's Music (get unknown)—beating Mr. Cragg's Bess-a-Bell, Mr. Vane's Miss Hackney, Sir Edward O'Brien's (late Mr. Elstob's) Shadow, and Mr. Litton's Spanker Filly .. 1733

Mr. Honywood's grey mare, by Young True-Blue, out of Sophonisba's dam—beating Lord Portmore's Ebony, Mr. Witty's Belinda, and four others ... 1734

Lord Walpole's Miss Slamerkin, by Young True-Blue—beating Mr. Witty's Meliora, by Fox; Lord Weymouth's Jenny-come-tie-me, § by Bartlett's Childers, and four others ... 1735

Mr. Croft's Legacy, by Old Greyhound—beating Mr. Hendry's Miss Hendry, § by Snake, and seven others ... 1736

Hon. Mr. Vane's Little Partner, § by Partner—beating Mr. Bartlett's Country-Wench, by his Childers, and six others ... 1737

Mr. Hutton's Aquilina, § by Bartlett's Childers—beating Mr. Brewster's Miss Patty, by Skipjack, and eight others ... 1738

Duke of Somerset's Chiddy, by the Hampton-Court Childers, out of Bald Charlotte—beating Mr. Simpson's Mopping Jenny, § by Almanzor, and five others ... 1739

Mr. Hughson's Czarina, by Newton's Arabian—beating Mr. Fauquier's (late Mr. Metcalfe's) Shepherdess, § by the Grey Barb at Hampton-Court, and five others ... 1740

Lord Portmore's Abigail, by Bartlett's Childers—beating Mr. Wilkie's Miss Barforth, by Partner, &c. ... 1741

Duke of Ancaster's Miss Romp, by Lord Walpole's Grey Turk—beating Mr. Marley's Jinker, Lord Portmore's Coughing Polly, § and four others ... 1742

Lord Gower's Vixen, § by Fox-Cub—beating Mr. Edward's Welch Lady, Captain Hartley's Countess, Mr. Holmes's Miss Makeless, and three others ... 1743

Mr. Crofts's Fly, by Partner—beating three others ... 1744

Lord Portmore's Lady Caroline, by Flying Childers—beating Sir M. Wyvill's Tack-about ... 1745

Mr. Metcalfe's Lady Betty, by the Duke of Devonshire's Black-legs—beating Mr. Greville's Sportley, Mr. Muster's (late Mr. Garthside's) Pamela, § and Mr. Crofts's ches. mare, by Partner 1746

Duke of Ancaster's Dizzy, § by his Grace's Driver—beating Lord Ferrers's Miss Tippet, by Tate's Arabian ... 1747

Mr. Hutton's Mab, § by Hobgoblin—beating Mr. Keck's Lady Charlotte, Mr. Crofts's Miss Slamerkin, &c. ... 1748

Mr. Martindale's Shepherdess, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian—beating Mr. Leedes's Spinster, § and two others ... 1749

Mr. Duncombe's Red-Rose, by the Duke of Devonshire's Blacklegs, beating Governor Hayes's Miss Betty Dismal, Lord Portmore's Orea, and three others ... 1749

To be continued.

⁂ For the Pedigrees and Performances of the above Mares, see *Pick's Turf Register.*

ANEC-

ANECDOTES OF THE GREYHOUND.

IN our Magazine, v. xxvi. p. 198, is the conclusion of the Description of the Pointer, from the *Sportsman's Cabinet*. Although that work has been published some time, we nevertheless think the following anecdotes of the Greyhound, from the same source, will prove equally interesting to our readers.

The greyhound is of a beautiful and delicate formation for speed and majestic attraction; if a metaphorical allusion may be made between the human and the brute creation, the allegory would not be too far extended in considering the greyhound, from his appearance, equanimity, mildness, and affability, one of the superior classes of his own society; he possesses all the dignity, without the degradation of any part of his species, and is never seen without a predilection in his favour. They have been for many centuries in the highest estimation in this country; and, in the remoter time of king John, greyhounds were accepted by him as payment, in lieu of money, for the renewal of grants, fines, and forfeitures, due to the crown. One fine paid to this monarch upon record, 1203, specifies "five hundred marks, ten horses, and ten leashes of greyhounds." Another, in seven years after, "one swift running horse and six greyhounds."

The foundation-stone of the present coursing popularity was laid by the late Lord Orford, and the superstructure completed by the exertions of the different amateurs already recited; who have been so individually anxious in the improvement of the breed, that it may fairly be concluded to have at length reached the utmost summit of possible perfection, and the pedigrees of the most speedy and celebrated greyhounds now begin to be recorded with as much care and precision as the best bred horses upon the turf. This seems to have principally originated with colonel Thornton and Major Topham, both of whom, with some very trifling shades of exception, have for many years been in sole possession of the most distinguished breed in the kingdom. Czarina, Jupiter, Claret, Snowball, Miller, Schoolboy, and Major, have all been of highest celebrity, and are entitled to individual description.

Czarina was bred by the late Lord Orford, and purchased at the sale after his lordship's decease, by colonel Thornton, with an intent to cross and improve the breed at Thornville Royal, in the completion of which he was most amply gratified. In the character of this bitch there were two remarkable traits; she won forty-seven matches, without ever having been beat; and shewed no signs of producing progeny till she had completed her thirteenth year, when she brought forth eight whelps by Jupiter, all of whom lived, and were excellent runners. She was the dam of Claret and young Czarina, both of whom challenged all Yorkshire, and won their matches.

Snowball and Major were own brothers, who have proved superior to every other breed and blood in the imperial dominions. They were got by Claret out of a favourite bitch of Major Topham's; and a brace of whelps (of which the now justly celebrated Major was one) were sent to colonel Thornton, as, in fact, a sporting privilege for the use of the dog. Snowball was concluded,

cluded, when taken "all for all," to have been the most perfect greyhound ever produced. He won four cups, couples, and upwards of thirty matches, at Malton, and upon the Wolds in Yorkshire, and so beat a dog of Mr. Plummer's, that the dog died immediately after the course was concluded. Snowball was never equally faced in the field but by his own blood; having in exercise and private trials always appeared some shades inferior to his brother Major, and his aunt yellow Czarina. In the November Malton coursing meeting, 1799, a Scotch greyhound was produced, who beat every opponent in Scotland, was brought to England, and challenged any dog in the kingdom; the challenge was accepted by Snowball, when, after a course of more than two miles, the match (upon which considerable sums were depending) was decided in his favour.

In the year 1792, Schoolboy, the property of T. Clerk, Esq. (commonly called Vauxhall Clerk,) was a greyhound of much sporting celebrity at Newmarket, and in its vicinity. He was bred by Sir C. Bunbury, Bart. and got by Dr. Frampton's Fop, out of Sir Charles's Miss. He ran a great number of matches over Newmarket, upon which very large sums were frequently depending, and never was beat. He was the sire of Troy, Traveller, Lily, and others, very good runners, many of whom have been sold for 20gs.

That highly celebrated dog, called the Miller, bred by the Reverend T. C. B. Dudley, had little to boast upon the score of pedigree, having by individual merit run himself into local popularity. During the first nine months he was so exceedingly awkward, heavy, clumsy, and unpromising, that no thoughts were entertained of bringing him into the field; the book of fate seems, however, to have contained predictive pages in his favour: various vicissitudes are observed in the human as well as in the animal creation:—many a substantial city subordinate (originally from the tail of the plough), has become the chief magistrate of the first commercial city in the world.

The Miller, upon a sporting emergency, (when only twelve months old,) was borrowed of the owner by a friend, who, going to the marshes in St. Osyth, did not like to appear without having a sporting-like appendage in his retinue; alike "unknowing and unknown," he was introduced to the honours of the day, winning several matches against the best dogs in the field. Returning with this sudden and unexpected blaze of reputation, he was received into personal favour, considered worthy of confidence, appointed to a place in the administration, and admitted into the cabinet council of the canine department. Having thus raised himself by the peculiar merit of personal precedence, from the recesses of obscurity to a degree of sporting eminence, and absolutely run himself into reputation, he became occasionally introduced to the most powerful and popular opponents; where, however, he for several years continued to maintain his superiority over every dog brought against him; winning, during that time, 74 successive matches, without having been once beaten. Miller is at present a stallion of great estimation, and his produce prove excellent runners.

The energetic velocity of the greyhound in pursuit of game, has always been matter of admiration to the lovers of the sport; but

more particularly so to the ruminative amateur, when prompted by reflection to form comparisons. Various have been the opinions upon the difference of speed between a well-bred greyhound and a blood horse of some celebrity, if opposed to each other for a mile, or for any other distance. It has by the best and most experienced judges, been thought that, upon a flat, a horse of this description would prove superior to the greyhound, for either an extended or contracted distance; but that in a hilly country, the greyhound would have an evident advantage. Wishes had been frequently indulged by different branches of the sporting world, that some criterion could be adopted, by which the certainty of superiority in speed could be fairly ascertained; when, after a variety of suggestions and propositions from one quarter to another without success, the following circumstance accidentally took place; affording some rays of information upon what was previously considered a matter of the greatest uncertainty.

In the month of December, 1800, a match was to have been run over Doncaster course for one hundred guineas, but one of the horses having been drawn, a mare started alone, that by running the ground she might insure the wager: when having run about one mile of the four, she was accompanied by a greyhound bitch, who joined her from the side of the course, and, emulatively entering into competition, continued to race with the mare the other three miles, keeping nearly head and head, affording an excellent treat to the field, by the energetic exertions of each. At passing the distance, five to four was betted in favour of the greyhound; when parallel with the stand, it was even betting, and any one might have taken his choice for five or ten; the mare, however, had the advantage by a head at the termination.

The invincible ardour and determined progress of the greyhound is not easily to be restrained by any intervening obstacles it is possible to surmount, or any difficulties that can, by the most indefatigable perseverance, be overcome; in confirmation of which a volume of facts might be adduced, but few will suffice. Early in life, the writer being upon a visit at Wortingwood farm, near Basingstoke, in Hampshire, and walking over the fields with an uncle, a hare was found sitting upon the bank of the fence; but previous to her being turned out of her form, it was thought necessary to use some precaution, that she might be prevented from too easily gaining a covert not far from the scene of action. That this might be the better effected, the writer was fixed in an open gap of the hedge (leading directly to the covert), with a strict injunction to stop the hare if she came that way. The hare, however, upon being put up, made immediately for the well-known gap, and passing between the legs of the writer, was instantaneously followed by the greyhound at his utmost speed; whose back coming into contact with the fork of the unfortunate guard, gave him an electrical elevation of four or five feet above the ground, which he had but just recovered from, when he had to encounter a severe flagellation from an enraged relative for the loss of the hare.

Some few years since, a greyhound, named Rajah, the property of a Mr. Knowles, in the county of Hertford, having supported a very long

long course, and turned the hare at least a dozen times, killed her single-handed, but was so completely exhausted that he lay panting by her side, seemingly unable to rise. In this situation he was observed by two countrymen, and the master not coming up, or being in sight, they determined to secure the hare; but, upon getting near, with an intent to seize her, the greyhound suddenly sprung up, took the hare in his mouth, and set off the way he came, the fellows pursuing with sticks and stones; when meeting his master, who had followed the course, he laid the hare at his feet, and immediately turning round, flew at the men, but was then so weak, in consequence of the successive exertions, that he again dropped as if dead; by bleeding, and proper attention, he was luckily recovered, and long continued a faithful servant of an affectionate master.

In 1794, as a party of gentlemen were coursing at Finchingfield, in Essex, a hare was suddenly and unexpectedly started, when a brace of greyhounds, coming in opposite directions, ran against each other with such velocity, that both were killed on the spot.

In February, 1798, a brace of greyhounds, belonging to a gentleman of Carlisle, coursed a hare from the Sweft, and killed her at Clemmell, a distance of seven miles: both the dogs were so exhausted, that, with every possible means of assistance, they were with difficulty recovered. The field consisted of nearly two hundred horsemen, and much money was sported upon the occasion: betting was even at starting, although the hare was the favourite against the greyhounds, she having been repeatedly coursed, but always beat her pursuers easy. She was, on the day of her death, given two hundred yards law, and, when killed, found to weigh eight pounds eleven ounces; rendering erroneous the opinion that light hares are the best runners.

Some few years since, the greyhound of a gentleman who was delayed at Dover, waiting for a wind, was taken by the owner and a small party, in search of a hare of some local notoriety, who had escaped her previous pursuers of every description; when found, the greyhound soon proved himself so superior in speed, that she instantly run for the cliff, as the only chance of escaping; but, throwing himself at her some yards with the most incredible and determined ferocity, he caught her exactly on the brink, and unfortunately went with her in his mouth to the bottom, where, as may be naturally concluded, they were literally dashed to pieces.

The mild, affable, and serene aspect of the greyhound, in its domestic state, constitutes no drawback to its innate sagacity, or grateful attention to its protector; of which the unfortunate King Charles the First was so truly observant, that the remark he made during his troubles is upon record, and strictly just, as applicable to the instinctive fidelity of the animal, as well as its satirical effects upon the herd of sycophants who surrounded him. In the course of a familiar conversation, respecting the canine species in general, a doubt was started, what particular kind of dog was entitled to pre-eminence, when it was universally admitted to rest between the spaniel and the greyhound; to which the monarch gave a polished finish, in favour of the latter, by saying it possessed all the good-nature and solicitous affa-

bility of the spaniel, without the fawning.

The natural simplicity and peaceable demeanour of the greyhound have sometimes induced a doubt, whether the instinctive sagacity of this particular race has been equal to some others of the species; circumstances, perhaps, have not often occurred, by which a fair criterion could have been formed; one, however, within the personal knowledge and remembrance of the writer, seems admirably calculated to throw an additional light upon that part of the subject. A Mr. Moore, then residing at Windsor, in Berkshire, had made application to his friends in the north of England to obtain a well-bred greyhound from thence, to oblige one of the keepers of Windsor Great Park, for the purpose of killing fawns in the season. The solicitation was attended with success, and the greyhound was consigned by the waggon to London, arrived safe in Bishopsgate-street, and from thence was conveyed to the Belle-savage, upon Ludgate-hill, where it was delivered to the driver of the Windsor caravan, and reached the place of destination in safety. After a confinement of two days, with every attention to food and family tenderness, the dog was left at liberty about the house and premises, seemingly not only satisfied, but pleased with his situation and the caresses he received; in less than the next eight and forty hours, he had suddenly taken his departure; a few days after which, Mr. Moore received a letter, with information that the dog had reached the place of his former residence in Yorkshire, before the return of the waggon by which he was originally sent to London.

Innumerable are the instances which might be adduced in demonstration of the sagacity, fidelity, and inviolable attachment of the greyhound, in an equal degree with such of the canine species as possess the means of displaying those qualifications in a manner more conspicuous and attracting; but enough has been already introduced to confirm that idea, and to gratify the moderate mind of investigation.

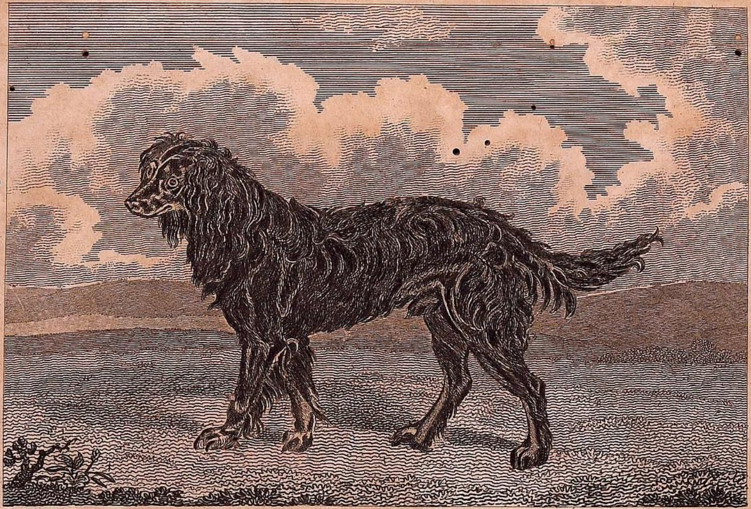
WAG,

THE portrait of a dog of King Charles's breed, sent as a present to the Duchess of York by the Duke of Norfolk, from Arundel Castle, where his Grace has, if we are correctly informed, the only family in England of the true King Charles's breed, which being direct descendants of the celebrated Fanny, makes his Grace so very choice of them that he rarely parts with one.

CATCHING SEALS IN THE FERROE ISLANDS.

MANY of these creatures keep themselves in holes or caverns under the rocks, where they pair and produce their young. The mouth of some of these holes is below water, and difficult to enter; but others are so large, that one can row into them with a boat, and the farther one goes the water becomes shallower, till at last the dry bottom appears, with a large broad arch over it. If two of the Ferroe men go to catch seals, one of them, in his boat, always takes his station at the mouth of the cavern, while the other man rows or

pushes



H.B. Chalon pinx^t. H.R. Cook sculp.

Wag.

Published May 1.1809, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

pushes into it. Between the two boats used on this occasion, there is a rope eighty fathoms in length, so that if the boat in the inside should be filled with water, the people in the outer one are then to drag it out.

Where there is not room enough to row into the cavern, the boatmen push the boat in with poles, and as the caves are mostly dark, they are furnished with lights, or large candles formed of old linen twisted together, and dipped in tallow. When the boatmen have got into the cavern far enough to reach the dry bottom, the first man springs from the boat with his club, and is followed by another with a light in each hand, which must be held up as high as possible, lest the dashing should extinguish it.

The seals always rush towards the mouth of the cavern the moment they perceive the men have entered; but a well-aimed blow on the head or snout always stuns them, and they are quite dispatched by cutting their throats. Sometimes the large males, when they find they cannot escape, become furious, and make an obstinate resistance. They will then raise themselves on their hind legs, with their jaws wide open; then their antagonist must avoid them, and endeavour to knock them down with his club; but if the seal chances to meet the intended blow with his open mouth, he forces the club from the man's hands, and throws it several yards from him. Now the man must be assisted by his nearest companion. The people then proceeding farther into the cavern, generally find the young ones remaining quiet, and lying on the dry bottom, which thus become an easy prey. When the slaughter is ended, the dead seals being made fast to a rope, are drawn out by the people in the boats.

Their skins are assigned for making shoes. Those that are stripped off whole, make good bags when dried.—Few people now eat the flesh; but the fat is melted into oil. The skins of the smallest young seals are converted into tobacco pouches.

PRIZE-FIGHTING.

THE boxing match between Richman, the black, and Isaac Wood, a waterman, was decided on Tuesday, the 11th inst. within a few furlongs of Coombe-wood, near Kingston, amidst the usual assemblage. At one o'clock, the combatants arrived on the ground in post-chaises, and a twenty-five feet roped ring having been formed, at half past one o'clock the combatants entered it with their seconds, Jones and Clarke for Richman, and Crib and Cropley for Wood.

Round 1. After a short interval of sparring, Richman threw in a left-handed hit on his adversary's jaw-bone. Wood received it with courage, and made a rally, in which both fought to the ropes, and Wood was thrown. Six and 7 to 4 on Richman.

2. Richman stopped his antagonist's blow, when he hit him right and left on the head, and threw him; after which an irregular close took place, and both fell.

3. A good round, from a rally commenced by Wood; several blows were exchanged, but the science of Richman was manifest, and Wood was thrown. Two to 1 on Richman.

4. Rich-

4. Richman made play by putting in a right-handed blow; Wood made an attempt to rally, but was stopped right and left, and so much abroad, that the Black milled him to every part of the ring, and threw him over the ropes. Three and 4 to 1 on Richman.

5. Wood made play, and courageously rallied. Blows were mutually exchanged at half arm for half a minute, and the Black proved the best hitter. Wood was thrown after an irregular close; his head much disfigured.

6. Richman made a rally, but Wood proved unable to withstand it, and fell from weakness.

7. A rally, in which Wood was thrown.

8. A rally in favour of Wood. The Black made a false hit, and Wood struck him twice, but the effect was not visible. The Black was thrown.

9. The Black slipt up in making play.

10. The combatants stood up, hit at length, and both fell.

11. This was the last effort of Wood, who proved himself a bottom man, but not a scientific one. After a grand rally, the combatants closed, to the disadvantage of Wood, who was fibbed until the blood flew in torrents. Both fell weak.

12. Richman hit his antagonist three blows in the face, and after rallying him to the ropes, gave him a somerset over them.

13 and 14. Richman followed his adversary, and threw him over the ropes in both rounds.

15. Richman decided the battle in this round, by three well-placed blows on the head, which Wood was unable to return; he, however, fought with courage, and attempted several blows, but he was foiled and thrown.

Eight other rounds were fought, but the result was, that Wood, who had been previously disfigured, was made frightful. He lost all vigour from the 11th, and fought afterwards to great disadvantage. He protracted the contest until the 23d round, when Richman stood up, but Wood was unable to get off Crib's knee.

REMARKS.

This was a trial of skill against strength and bottom. Richman was considered behind his adversary in size, weight, and length, but was much his superior in the grand requisite, skill. Wood is a courageous novice, who possesses the gift of taking without giving, and who consequently had but little chance of winning. Richman escaped with very little injury.

Another battle was fought betwixt Powell, a pugilist of second rate, and a Battersea man, named Frere. It was a well-contested battle of twenty-five minutes.—Powell won it by science, but his adversary possessed courage: whenever he fell, he put in a hit whilst falling, and did not resign the contest till nature obliged him.

Jones also seconded the winner in this battle.

LIEUTENANT SHARP AND MISS SHUCKBURGH.

THE accounts that have been published of the untimely death of these persons differ so materially in one point, namely, whether Miss Shuckburgh was consenting to her own dissolution or not, that we shall give nearly the whole that has gone before the public on the subject, and leave our readers to form

form their own opinions touching that peculiar circumstance.

First Publication—from an Evening Newspaper.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR—As a particular friend of the unhappy family at Shuckburgh, I write to request you will insert in your paper the following dreadful event, in the exact words as follow:—

On Sunday, the 26th of March, about six o'clock in the morning, one of the most horrible events occurred at Shuckburgh Park, in Warwickshire, that ever shocked the human ear. A Lieutenant Sharp, of the Bedfordshire Militia, having paid particular attention to the elder daughter of Sir Stewkley Shuckburgh, Bart. was by him and Lady S. entreated to desist from a pursuit, that was in every point of view ineligible to both parties.—Disappointed in his wishes, horrible to relate, he formed the dreadful resolution of destroying the life of both the ill-fated young lady and himself, which he most unhappily found means to execute, by obtaining (through the medium of a faithful servant) an interview with her at a summer-house in the Park, which his most amiable and unfortunate victim had scarcely entered, when, with a pair of pistols, the unhappy author of her death put a period to both her existence and his own.

A Coroner's Inquest has been held, when, after a minute investigation, a verdict of *Lunacy* was returned against the unhappy man.

No words can describe the distracted state of the family at Shuckburgh, and of the venerable and unfortunate parents of Mr. Sharp.

I am, your obedient servant.

March 30, 1809.

Second Account.

This dreadful transaction has involved the family of Sir Stukely Shuckburgh, Bart. of Upper Shuckburgh, in the county of Warwick, and the family of Lieutenant Sharp, of the Bedford Militia, in the deepest distress.

Lieutenant Sharp, a young officer, quartered at Daventry, had formed a most passionate attachment to this young lady, a beautiful girl, at the age of nineteen, and it appears that the affection was reciprocal. He was admitted for some time as a visitor at the house; but upon its being discovered that his family connexions were not so respectable as they had been conceived to be, he became no longer a welcome guest, and a rival had proposed his addresses to the young lady.

The Lieutenant and Miss Shuckburgh had still probably some private interviews. On Sunday the 26th, at an early hour, he rode up to the gates before Shuckburgh Hall with a servant, whom he desired to take the horses back to Daventry, adding, that "he was come to stay." He then went under the window of the lady's bedchamber, and called to her. She was heard to say, "I will be with you in the garden in five minutes." The butler, who overheard this, watched them into the garden. They walked together into the summer-house, and bolted the door: the butler followed; and when he reached the door distinctly heard Mr. Sharp say, "Will you, my love, my sweetest love?" To which Miss S. answered, "Never! no, never!" A pistol at that instant went off—and in a few seconds another. The man immediately tried to force the door, but could not get admittance; he heard no

no groan or noise, but that occasioned by the fall of each. The family was now alarmed; and, upon the door of the summer-house being broken open, the shocking spectacle of two dead corpses presented itself! Two pistols had been used, and a third was found in the gentleman's pocket. His pocket-book lay open on the seat, and near to it a paper, on which was written, with a pencil,—"I feared I should not have had resolution to perform the dreadful deed, but find I have." This was probably written during the few minutes of suspence before Miss Shuckburgh came into the garden. A few days before the dreadful occurrence took place, Lieutenant Sharp is said to have disclosed to a brother officer his great unhappiness on account of Miss Shuckburgh, and to have added, with indignation—"If she is not to be my wife, we shall both, in a short time, be either in heaven or hell." His body was removed, a few days after, into Bedfordshire, for interment. Miss Shuckburgh will be interred in the family vault at Shuckburgh.

Third Publication, from the old Northampton Paper—not far distant from where the melancholy scene occurred.

The untimely deaths of Lieutenant Sharp and Miss Shuckburgh having given rise to various reports, we are requested by a gentleman, who assures us that he was present at the whole of the evidence given on the Inquest, and also at the inspection of all the papers of the deceased, to insert the following particulars, which our correspondent states may be relied on as strictly true. Having no other desire than that of rendering justice to both parties, we feel it our duty to comply with the request, leaving our readers to their own reflexions on the lamentable occurrence:—The unhappy pair met by appointment to fulfil their dreadful purpose between six and seven on Sunday morning, in the summer-house, which had been the scene of frequent interviews. The butler, who observed Miss Shuckburgh walk from the house into the plantation, took a contrary way to the same spot, and saw her enter. Seeing the door closed, he walked towards it, and when within twenty yards heard two voices conversing. The first words he distinctly heard were—"come, come, my love;" and Miss S.'s answer, which the butler deposed was, "no, no, no," there is every reason to suppose was indistinctly heard and mistaken for "now, now, now," as immediately the pistols were successively fired, and the bodies heard to fall.

From the letters and papers found on the floor, it was clearly proved to be a reciprocal attachment, but not meeting with the approbation of the lady's friends, the unfortunate gentleman and the tender object of his affection left, by mutual consent, a world, where they had lost all hope of being united; and as life, separated from each other, was become an insufferable burthen, they resigned it at the same time, and were found dead, hand in hand. A letter was left, expressing a wish that they might both be interred in one grave! Thus, by an ill-fated attachment, two amiable young people, in the prime of life, and deeply lamented by all who knew their virtues, have been consigned to a premature grave, and their families rendered inconsolable.

Fourth

Fourth Insertion in the Newspapers.

It is very much to be lamented, that any mis-statements of the late melancholy event at Shuckburgh-park, should have appeared in the public prints, and we should be sorry, knowingly, for one moment, to be accessary to them. We have been favoured by two friends of Sir Stewkley Shuckburgh, with the two letters, which were found concealed in the summer-house unopened, after the mournful occurrence, addressed by Mr. Sharp to Miss Shuckburgh—the former, bearing date Friday, March 24; the latter, two o'clock on Sunday morning, March 26, 1809—written about five hours only previous to the perpetration of the horrid deed. The letter, and the extracts, which we have been authorised to lay before our readers, clearly, we think, prove that this amiable young lady, instead of meeting her dreadful fate voluntarily, had not even the least expectation of seeing the deceased, but went solely for the purpose of leaving all the letters she had received from him, and of bringing away those she had written, which he had assured her should be there. Our earnest wish has been, by a strict adherence to the truth, as far as we have been able to ascertain it, to do justice to both parties. We trust that the afflicted feelings of two families, already cruelly wounded, will be spared any further inflictions, and with the present statement, that we shall be suffered to discontinue so painful a subject.

"*Friday*, March 24, 1809.—Caroline! O my beloved Caroline! I can but a short time longer endure your cruel scorn; prepare to hear the worst of me, and take care of yourself. O! my Heavens! how loth I am to die, but you compel me to leave you; for, was ever the time to come when you would have no parents to oppose your will, I dare not, cannot think you would make me happy. I wish once more to read your dear letters, and then, on my honour, I will bring them to the cave to-morrow night, and shall expect to find mine in the same place on Sunday night. If you love me, tell me where you are going on Monday with Frank and your dear father. Your professions of love are as ardent as I could possibly wish; would to God! that your actions were as convincing; then, indeed, I should be happy. Caroline, my fate is certain; I am sorry you will not let me live; I am no child in my determination; when once fixed, it is immovable; I have no earthly things to live for, for you will never be mine, so I will seek another and a better world. I can now again scarcely believe you love me, as you will not trust me with your sweet letters, but I shall soon be insensible to every thing; and on my word you may depend on my putting them at the cave some time to-morrow night. When I am dead, read them over, and judge my delight when I received them; and of my anguish to be obliged to give them up. My preparations to quit this world take up so much of my time, that I cannot say more, than God bless you! and may he for ever protect you from the miserable, awful end of your truly faithful and affectionate, though wretched,

"PHILIP A. S.

"I implore and supplicate your prayers; and most fervently and sincerely will I pray, in my last moments, that you may never feel the least remorse of conscience, as

as the cause of my suicide, for it was in your power, and your's only, to save me, but you treat with disdain all my arguments. Adieu, for ever adieu. P. A. S."

"I came so fully assured of seeing you last night, that I was not prepared to die, or indeed I should. I acknowledge you have good grounds to treat my threats so slightly, but the time will come when you may see my resolution is not to be shaken. What would have been your feelings (if you have any feelings), had you found me with my brains blown out at the cave this morning, which certainly would have been the case, had I not put such confidence in your coming to meet me? O! for shame, Caroline; so long as the gentlemen were over their wine, not to spare me one short moment to make my death easy: but I forgive you; nor will I repine at my unhappy lot. Had you seen my brains scattered on the earth, you could have taken my letter from my cold hand, and read it with composure, without shedding a pitying tear. "P. A. S."

Extracts from the Letter dated Sunday Morning, Two o'Clock, March 26, 1809.

"Now that I have settled, as well as my agitated mind will allow me, all my earthly affairs, I will devote my last sad moments to my ever and for ever beloved Caroline, provided the contents of your letter, I expect to find at the cave, do not compel me to kill you, as well as myself, which I hope in heaven it will not. I came firmly resolved to die; I have exerted all my energy to live, but without you it cannot be; all my religion and fortitude I had used to possess, have now left me; and indeed I am a wretched mortal; and yet I feel not the least fear of death, but can with pleasure and composure quit this life, for it is impossible I can suffer more; and if you doubt me still, which I shall believe you do, if you say one other word about your letters, I think I shall be tempted to take you with me, to that other and that better world you talk so much about; where we shall be united, never, never to part; then indeed we shall enjoy that bliss your cruel parents deny us here; but I fervently hope your letter will be kind, and give me another solemn vow, never to be another's;—then I can die alone and contented; but if you give me room to suspect that you will ever become any one's wife but mine, the thought will be certain death." * * *

"I am contented to die, and fervently do I hope you may be able to live, and live happy, and sometimes think of me. I have, from my heart and soul, forgiven all who have injured me, and hope they will grant me their forgiveness. I feel not the least resentment against any one, and I feel I can die happy." * * *

A short note, containing only the following expressions, was found in Mr. S.'s pocket after his death: "Caroline, Caroline, shame, shame upon you; not one kind line at parting; cruel, cruel girl, adieu for ever!" But it is supposed that on seeing her come at a distance, he hastily thrust it into his pocket, and wrote in pencil the following words, which were found lying in the room: "I cannot live, and feared I should not have had resolution. I shall do it with more composure than I could possibly have expected."

In concluding this article, we cannot

cannot but remark on the invidious observations, that the "pursuit of Lieutenant Sharp was in every point of view ineligible to both parties;" and that "his family connexions were not so respectable as they had been conceived to be:"—To this we would apply a *quere*, viz. Whether this Sir Stewkley, while in the situation of a younger brother, and in the humble station of Barrack-master at Silver Hill and Canterbury, would not then have been glad to have married his daughter to a gentleman of equal worth to Lieutenant Sharpe?

The late Lord Chancellor Hardwick had, it is said, some fine daughters, and of these he was fearful lest they should form connections beneath their dignity, and hence the ever-memorable Marriage Act.—Whatever arguments may be adduced for preserving the various classes in society to a prudential union with each other, the cause of religion and virtue has gained nothing (though family pride may) by the Marriage Act.

In the above particular case, had the Act never passed, a less evil might, perhaps, have followed, by the parties, without any previous ceremony, getting married at the next parish church, and that within the space of an hour. In truth, among the middling and lower orders of people, female virtue was much better preserved before the passing of these legislative restrictions th n it is now. If a young woman was tempted to an illicit intercourse, her answer was ready, especially in London—"There is a parson ready at the Fleet Prison—will you marry me?" If the swain declined the proposal, his views were manifest, and the girl preserved her chastity and her character.—To the dull *tædium* prescribed by the Act, of residence—publishing of banns—consent of parents, &c. &c. may be ascribed the ten-fold increase of unhappy marriages and wretched prostitution.

A WHALE.

AT the end of last month, the curious were gratified by the exhibition of an enormous fish of this species, in a barge on the south side of the river Thames, between Blackfriars and London bridges.

A spectacle so unusual in this latitude, attracted, for some days, many thousands of spectators, who crowded round the barge in boats, and furnished a brisk and most productive trade, as well to the exhibitors as to the watermen, who conveyed them to behold this stupendous monster of the deep. Many seamen who saw it, and have been repeatedly occupied in the Greenland fishery, alledged it to be a young one, not more than a year old; yet its dimensions were as follow:

Its extreme length, from the lower jaw to the end of the tail, 76 feet 6 inches; from the lower jaw to the end of the body at the tail, 69 feet; lower jaw longer than the upper jaw, 1 foot 4 inches; end of upper jaw to its eye, 14 feet; from upper jaw to its dorsal fin, 48 feet 2 inches; length of dorsal fin at the base, 4 feet; height of the dorsal fin, 2 feet; from body to the end of the tail, 7 feet 6 inches; extremity of the tail, 15 feet; circumference of the body at the dorsal fin, 21 feet; eye placed from the spiracle, 5 feet; length of its mouth from the lower jaw, 10 feet 6 inches; length of pectoral

pectoral fin, 6 feet; longitudinal lines, (almost straight) beginning under the mouth to the middle of the fish; length of its eye, 5 inches; colour of its laminæ, whitish forward, black behind; distance of the eye to its mouth, 5 inches; $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet to the pectoral fin from the back bone; outer skin peeled off, thickness of fine writing paper; from one eye to the other, 9 feet 9 inches; breadth of the lines on its belly, 3 inches; orifice of its ear, 3 inches; from its eye to the ear, 3 feet 2 inches.

From which proportions, in a sucking fish of a year old, those not skilled in the natural history of such creatures, or accustomed to see them in great variety, may form some conception of what a whale must be when arrived at maturity. It was pronounced by judges to be of the pike-headed species. It completely filled the cavity of the west-country barge on board which it was exhibited, and its tail projected near four yards outside the stern of the vessel.

It was killed on the 25th ultimo, in the river Thames, at Sea Reach, some miles below Gravesend, by Mr. John Barnes, a pilot of the latter place, who was going in his boat down to the Nore, and observing the water agitated unusually by the motions of the fish, he approached it within swivel shot, and fired at it three different times; the second shot passed through the fish's tail, and the third mortally wounded it in the body, when, by a sudden and violent plunge a-head, it ran upon a shoal near the beach, and was left nearly dry at low water. Four hours elapsed after being wounded, before it was completely dead. It was towed the next tide to the beach at Gravesend, and exhibited there during four days.

The whale was brought up to London, as we understand, by order of the Lord Mayor, under the direction of the Water Bailiff, and the contrivance for its conveyance was rather curious; the barge on board of which it was exhibited was brought alongside the fish at high water, scuttled, and sunk; the next flood tide the fish was towed to a position directly over the barge, and gradually sunk into her as the tide ebbed. The barge being on shore at low water, was of course soon drained through her scuttle holes, and the plugs being then replaced, she floated with her unwieldy cargo the next tide, and was brought up to her moorings above London Bridge.

A contest arose between the Lord Mayor and the Admiralty with respect to the right of property in this fish. The former claimed it as Conservator of the Thames; the latter considered it as a *droit*, and accordingly the Marshal of the Admiralty seized it, notwithstanding the Lord Mayor's protest against the proceeding.

After being exhibited, it was sold for 75l.

The appearance of whales in the river Thames, though rare, is by no means without precedent.—Grampuses, indeed, have been often seen as high as Blackwall, and even London Bridge. In the memory of many persons residing near the former place, four have been seen there at one time, sporting and spouting up the water to a considerable height; and in the year 1780, a whale of 90 feet in length was killed near the same place as the one which we have been describing.

RE-

REVIEW OF A ROUT.

ROUTS are now considered the very props to certain debilitated beings, who require these stimulants to support their animal spirits. Formerly, these nocturnal assemblies were known by the appellation of drums; and a *drum* is surely the better term of the two, for conveying the idea of *empty noise*. It may be truly said, there is nothing so delightful, so charming, so irresistibly fascinating, as a *rout*, where a vast *mob* of young and old beaux, with antiquated and pretty belles, are seen staring at each other with the most *unmeaning expression*, and the *most elegant* apathy; at the same time indulging voluptuously in the "feast of reason and flow of soul;" if that conversation may be called such, which has neither language, ideas, nor meaning.

The great object to be attained by a lady who gives a rout is, that her house shall be so crouded as to prevent the possibility of any person being able to sit or stand comfortably; and it gives prodigious *éclat* to the thing, should the stairs and hall be so crammed with persons of *distinction*, that they cannot even approach the grand saloon. Here they are compelled to remain chattering and rubbing against each other for some hours, and then depart, highly delighted with the extreme politeness of her Grace the hostess, whom they had not the pleasure of once seeing.

From one house they go to another, for the sole purpose of ascertaining which had the greatest number of *crops, cocked hats*, and ostrich feathers. In these *enviable* situations are to be found characters of the first description; and a prime minister of state, with ministers of the gospel, are often seen in these philosophical and improving crowds. Even one of the *heads* of the law, who but the day before, had been dispensing life and death in a Court of Justice, is frequently to be met with here, though treated with no more ceremony than a barber at a bull-baiting.

MODERN CREDULITY EXCITED BY TWO COCK-FEEDERS.

Extract of a Letter from Bath, April 2.

I Have no doubt but the following facts will appear to many of your readers a mere burlesque, to raise a laugh against a few simple individuals, whose credulity or fanaticism had misled their judgment; but rest assured, Sir, I shall rather keep below the mark than soar above it. Indeed it is not in my power to paint, with appropriate colours, the confusion, terror, and dismay, that have pervaded the minds of thousands of my neighbours within the last fortnight. The cause was simply this: A report was circulated, that a certain infallible prophet, or prophetess, had predicted that an earthquake would be severely felt in Bath on Good Friday; and that Mount Beacon and Beechen Cliff, two immense hills, situated at the Northern and Southern extremities of the town, should meet, and, of course, destroy and swallow up houses, inhabitants, pigs, and poultry. Some affirmed that Johannah Southcott was the predictor; others that it was a prophet now living at Midford, near this city, who was with Noah in the ark, and has been travelling over various parts of the world ever since; but the greater

part affixed the name of the celebrated Mrs. Williams to the dreadful decree. This far-famed conjuress, however, boldly denied the charge, in the Bath Papers, and concluded her address with a *nota bene*: "Mrs. W. may be consulted by ladies and gentlemen, as usual, and strict secrecy will be observed." Thus, though they could not positively fix on any specific prophet, yet all agreed there had been such a prediction, and thousands implicitly believed the event would take place.

In consequence of this report, hundreds absolutely quitted Bath; old and young, rich and poor, high and low, soon found out excuses for leaving town so suddenly. Some were obliged to attend a sick relative at a short distance, others had an uncle or aunt dead, while many more were ordered to Cheltenham or Clifton by their physician; and a few, who, by the bye, had previously ordered their salt fish for Good Friday's dinner in Bath, recollected that they always made it a rule to dine in the country that day, as the rural scenes tranquillised the mind, and they could behave more devoutly in a calm retired place, than they possibly could in a noisy populous city. It is a truth, Sir, that the post-horses belonging to every inn in Bath have been so completely knocked up, that, at the moment I am writing this strange account, should absolute business require my attendance at our County Assizes to-morrow, (a thing not very unlikely), I should not be able to procure a better conveyance to Taunton than a rattling stinking fish-cart, or an old-fashioned, unwieldy, second-hand, broken down gig, drawn down by a decrepid drowsy donkey, accustomed, every week day, to hawl about town, sand, bowls, dishes, garden stuff, and brown georges.

You have seen, of course, Sir, a variety of accounts concerning this strange ridiculous business in the Bath Papers; but none of them have given the origin of the affair; that remains for you to detail to the public; it is as follows:—Two noted cock-feeders, who live near the before mentioned famous hills, met by accident some time ago, at a public-house, and after much boasting on both sides, a match was made to fight their favourite cocks on Good Friday, but fearing the Magistrates might interfere, if it became public, they named the spirited animals after their respective walks, as the term is, and in the agreement it was specified accordingly, that *Mount Beacon* should meet *Beechen Cliff*, precisely at twelve o'clock on Good Friday. This was mentioned with cautions of secrecy to their sporting friends; and at last coming to the ears of some poor credulous beings, who were totally unacquainted with the intended match, they took it in its plain sense, and absolutely believed it to be a fact; and as stories seldom lose by being repeated, each one added what his fears or fancy framed, and swelled the marvellous tale, at last, into the before-stated prodigious prophecy. So much for the credulity of the enlightened inhabitants of Bath, in the year 1809.

P. S. The 1st of April, this year, unfortunately for the projectors of the earthquake, was on a Saturday, instead of a Friday.

ANECDOTE OF A COW.

SOME years ago, having occasion to reside for some time at a farm-house

house in the country, I was much alarmed, one morning, by the unusual bellowing of a cow under the window of the apartment wherein I was sitting; looking out I perceived her to be one belonging to a herd, which I previously understood were enclosed in a field near a mile distant; alarmed at her appearance I went out in order to take her back, but as soon as I left the house she ran before me, apparently in the greatest concern, frequently looking back to see if I was following; in this manner she continued across several fields, till she brought me to the brink of a deep and dangerous morass; where, to my great surprise, I beheld one of her associates nearly enveloped in the swamp underneath. The distressed animal, after much difficulty, was extricated from its perilous situation, to the no small satisfaction of the other, which seemed to caress and lick it, as if it had been one of her own offspring.

Every observer of the animal creation, must be aware, what a regular degree of subordination exists among herds of cattle that have been long accustomed to ruminate together; the instinct of the cow, in this respect, is by no means the least predominant. When a farmer makes his first selection, he, of course, has a great variety of the same species, and (if we may presume to judge from analogy) endued with a diversity of dispositions; hence, for some time it is entertaining to behold the many disputed points that arise among the candidates for precedence, before the business can be amicably adjusted; for it is very observable, they always walk in lineal procession, preceded by a chieftain, or leader, which is unanimously acknowledged by the whole herd; the rest follow in order, according to their contested decisions, each being most tenacious of her allotted station.—Yours, &c.

J. Hollcroft.

Redman's-row, Mile-End.

THE PATRICIAN DANCES OF AUGSBURG.

Most of the German Chronicles mention these dances as being peculiar to the citizens of Augsburg. They took place twice a year, especially in Lent, and were also given in honour of any stranger of high rank who chanced to visit that city. A few days previous thereto, several of the junior patricians made it their business to invite the whole of their own Corporation, and the resident nobility. A peculiar dress was worn by the dancers; and on one occasion we read, that eleven of them were habited as follows: "their pourpoints were of crimson atlas; their hose of scarlet cloth, interwoven with rich scarlet taffety, and bordered with silk cord of the like colour; a short woollen mantle of the same hue hung over their shoulders, which was left open on the right side, and closed round the waist by a silk scarlet cord; whilst on their heads they wore green bandeaus, enriched with a garland of gold." The company always dined in the great hall, and afterwards adjourned to the dancing saloon.

A representation of one of these dances in the fifteenth century, still preserved, gives us a high idea of the splendour and brilliancy of the costume observed on these occasions. The women then wore veils, which did not quite conceal their

their faces. The youngest wore light hats; their draperies were carefully and profusely adorned with diamonds, pearls, rings, and chains of gold.

The patrician dances seem to have resembled the Polonaises of our day, as the company was distributed in pairs, and danced in a long row to a drawling sort of tune, issuing from the mouths of horns and trumpets.

Dancing was carried to such perfection formerly at Augsburg, that Emperors and Kings, especially Maximilian the First, made it a subject of admiration; still the ladies of Germany were at the same time celebrated as much for their modesty and decorum as for their graceful demeanor in dancing.

Court fools also, to contribute to the merriment of the banquet, partook in these dances. Some of their names are found inscribed on old paintings, and among them is that of the jester to Maximilian the Second.

The earliest chroniclers of Augsburg mention these dances in 1303, given in honour of Albert and his consort; and again in 1418, when the Emperor Sigismund distributed gold rings amongst the patrician dames. The last dance upon record was in 1557; but as religious frenzy involved the Augsburghers soon after, the great hall was suffered to fall into ruins in 1632, and has never since been rebuilt.

THE HORSES OF ARRAN.

MR. Hendrick, in his late View of the Highlands and Isles of Scotland, observes, that the sureness of foot in these animals is remarkable. They will scamper with you over loose fragments of rock, and down steep declivities covered by the same. In these cases, he says, " the judgment with which they choose their steps, and lift their feet over the large blocks, is truly astonishing. In general, the slightest pull of the bridle will turn them any way you please. But there are cases where they know they are *right*, and you are *wrong*, and if they should choose to walk along the very edge of an unfathomable precipice, it would be very dangerous to enter into a dispute with them. The result would be, that the animal would take the road which it knew to be the safest and best for itself; and your persevering in the argument would only endanger your being both thrown over the precipice."

AN EXPERT MARKSMAN.

A Late traveller, giving an account of the rostrated chœtodon fish at Batavia, informs us, that " it was first introduced to our notice by M. Hommel, governor of the hospital in that city. It frequents the sides of rivers in India in search of food. When it sees its prey; viz. a fly, on the plants which border the stream, it approaches in a very slow and cautious manner, till within four, five, or six feet of the object, and then rests a moment, perfectly still, with its eyes directed towards the fly. When the fatal aim is taken, the fish shoots a single drop of water from its mouth with such dexterity, that it never fails to strike the fly into the water, where it soon becomes its prey.—The fish never exposes its mouth above the water."

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

THE public in this metropolis are too often embarrassed, by seamen, real or pretended, who not unfrequently aim at wit and humour. One of this description, who had played off about the ribbands on the head-dress of a female, calling them her *colours*, &c. which he hoped would never be struck to an enemy, not finding his palaver understood, or attended to, immediately turned his rhetoric upon a young fellow walking with her, in a new pair of boots, when, taking a survey of him from head to foot, he exclaimed, "God bless you, my worthy governor; relieve a poor seaman; and I say, may your new boots never *spring a leak!*"

JUST after the London Magistrates had received orders to prevent field-preaching about the metropolis, one of the holders-forth having mounted his stool, took his text from John, ch. x. v. 1. and commenced his harangue by saying, "Now I am going to prove that we are all thieves and robbers by nature, I as well as the rest of you."—"Are you so?" said a peace-officer, who made his appearance at the moment; "why then you are just the very man that I want:" and so saying, he immediately conducted the astonished orator before his betters, there to answer for this extraordinary confession.

A SHABBY beau, (who now and then borrows a suit of his tailor when he cannot afford to buy) appearing a few weeks ago in a suit of black, was asked by a person he met if he was in mourning for a friend? "Oh, no," says he, "I wear it because it is *Lent*."

WOODEN WIT.—To nothing does this quality attach so strongly as to a *chair*. The world, it has been observed, begin to speak of chairs and benches as they deserve. If there is a dispute, for instance, in any assembly, the case is always referred to this *wooden* inspirer; and every body sets up a cry of *Chair! Chair!*—In the same manner, thanks are returned to the *Chair*—the *Chair* is said to be facetious; to be dignified; or to be getting drunk; till at last every body is called upon to support the *Chair*, as if it were too weak to stand upon its legs.—So again of the *table*: the head of the table can no more do wrong than the head of the nation; and what is very remarkable, the worst joke in the world is sure to be a good one, and to make every body die with laughter, provided it comes from the *Chair*.

IMPROMPTU,

On Miss Gayton's Marriage to a Clergyman.

THE Gods assembled in debate,
About their GAYTON'S nuptial state,
A gift so glorious, good, and great,
To whom they should assign,
Unanimously did agree,
That one—so like themselves—would be
Ill suited with mortality,
So gave her—a DIVINE.

The Church Book, as it is called, of a Baptist congregation in Essex, contains the following minute, bearing date about sixty years ago: "Mr. E. our pastor, cut off for running away." The fact was, the poor man was so teased and puzzled about idle controversial questions, that he was not metaphysician enough to answer, or philosopher enough to smile at, and accordingly he *stole away by night!*

At another village in Norfolk, about forty years since, some persons were expelled for buying run tea from a supposed smuggler; and it was not considered as any alleviation of the crime, that the *Deacon*, the most weighty man in the church, was a *grocer*.

A tobacconist in the city has advertised Mr. Wardle's constitutional snuff, as a *grand* specific against corruption.

The late Madame Schwellenberg was fondly addicted to the since fashionable practice among her own sex, of riding upon donkeys.—Having once newly purchased a fine male ass, she proceeded with him into the meadows. Unhappily for his rider, he perceived some she-asses in the field adjoining, and began kicking up his heels with such violence, that his comely burden was soon laid sprawling on the ground. Recovering herself from the shock, she hastened back to the palace, and entering immediately into the royal presence, recounted the particulars of her disaster, adding, with considerable emotion, "She would never ride a *man*-ass again." Her misuse of the terms of our language, in thus applying *man* where *male* is adopted by us, produced, as may be supposed, much merriment among her royal patrons. His Majesty, in particular, is said to have laughed very heartily at hearing her pathetic resolution.

UTRUM HORUM? — "WHICH OF THE TWO?"

THE glow which Chloe's cheeks possess,
Is something more than Nature's dress,
Yet such her happy knack,
Although she paints, there's none can boast
Of knowing which she uses most,
Carmine or *Coniac*.

An old hoaxing waterman, after talking of the voyages he had been, to a gaping croud gathered round him, exclaimed, "Why now there's a sight which is a disgrace to a free country, to be seen on board that there ship, (pointing to a collier at anchor;) there are no less than 100 *Blacks* to be *burnt* alive, because they are slaves; and they are all fastened below deck.—If you'll give me half-a-crown a piece, I'll row you on board and you may see them." The bait took; out of the croud, *eleven flats* clapped their half-crowns into his hand, and he rowed them to the collier, where he left them (the Captain and crew were all ashore, except one little boy). The astonishment of the visitors was only exceeded by their vexation, when they found the blacks were *coals!*

ON A BARBER'S BOY.

HERE lies, in blooming youth, a Barber's Boy,
His master's grief now dead, alive his joy:
His razor scarcely touch'd the tender skin,
So sweetly soft he shav'd the bearded chin.
O! gentle earth, lie lightly on his grave:
Thou canst not lie so light as he could shave!

THE

The officiating Clergyman of a parish, not seventy-five miles west of Hyde-park Corner, having gently rebuked one of the Church-wardens, who is a son of Crispin, for keeping his shop open on Good Friday, was answered with a shrug of the shoulders, and a significant shake of the head, "that neither himself, nor his father before him, ever took any notice of *partial* week!"

Dr. Moore, father of the late heroic Sir J. Moore, used to relate the following anecdote with great humour:—A French student of medicine lodged in the same house, in London, with a man in a fever. This man was continually teased by the nurse to drink, although he nauseated the insipid liquors she offered him. At last, when she was more importunate than usual, he said to her, "For God's sake, bring me a salt herring, and I will drink as much as you please."—The woman indulged him: he devoured the herring, drank plentifully, underwent a copious perspiration, and recovered: whereupon the French student inserted this aphorism in his journal—

"A salt herring cures an Englishman in a fever."

On the student's return to France, he prescribed the same remedy to his first patient in a fever. The patient died:—on which the student inserted in his journal the following *caveat*—

"N. B.—Though a salt herring *cures* an Englishman, it *kills* a Frenchman."

Longevity.—No part of England, perhaps, is more distinguished than Whitehaven and its neighbourhood, for producing hale and vigorous old men; men, whose age (to borrow a comparison from Shakespeare) "is as a lusty winter, *frosty*, but *kindly*."—A short time since, a *knot* of the above description unintentionally met at the Three Tuns, in that town—not by design, but by mere casualty, they dropped in one by one; so that in the course of less than four minutes, five persons were assembled; the oldest of whom, a repairer of shoes, can, with wonderful promptitude, read the smallest print without spectacles. After surveying each other with a look rather *inquisitive* than *familiar*, one of them was asked his age, who replied,

"My ancient friends—I'm not a last year's calf;
For I have seen THREE CENT'RIES and a HALF.

At which last words they marvelled greatly. The enigma was quickly solved, by referring to their *united* ages. The years they had respectively numbered were put down as follows: 88, 72, 71, 66, 62—total, 359.—These five *antideluvians*, with a *moderation* favourable to the *continuance* of their enjoyments, drank each of them just 1½d. worth of purl, and then separated, highly diverted with the interview.

A very curious notice was lately stuck in the usual place of publication, at a parish church in Cumberland, signifying, among other matters of *greater* importance, that "the *old* church *surplice* would be *sold* to the *highest bidder*, on Easter Monday, at six o'clock in the evening!" and it was actually so sold, for *half a crown!*—The directors of this *extraordinary* sale would not suffer their *economy* so much to hoodwink their *prudence*, as to *blind* them from the propriety of employing a *licensed auctioneer*, with the other *etceteras*, usual in *sales by auction*.

 WILT-

WILTSHIRE SPORTING—BY COL. THORNTON.

SINCE Colonel Thornton has removed from the North to Spy Park, Wiltshire, he has enlivened the latter country with many good runs, and of which we have particulars of the two following:

On Saturday, April 1, Colonel Thornton turned out his famous Thornville deer, *Mrs. Clarke*, before a numerous field, consisting of about 200 sportsmen, on Elbro'-Down, which afforded an excellent day's sport; and was taken, after running three hours and thirty-five minutes, in a barn about six miles from Devizes, having travelled over about forty miles of country. The day and scent were very unfavourable for sport, but by the superior hunting of the hounds, and the judicious casts of the Colonel, the deer was taken. It three times crossed the river, which afforded no small amusement: many of the sportsmen got a good ducking, but no horses were drowned. After the deer was taken, all those whose horses could reach the end separated highly pleased.

On the 10th instant, Colonel Thornton met nearly 250 sportsmen at Elbro'-Down, with *Miss Taylor*, and his stag-hounds, and a most singular day's sport was afforded them; for on the deer being enlarged, she walked amongst the company for nearly a quarter of an hour, giving familiar nods to her old friends; afterwards took over Salisbury Downs at a gallant pace, the famous Modish of known celebrity, with Bowman, being close to her, when after a burst of six miles they were all blown, and the hounds came up to them. The Colonel then, by the wish of the sportsmen, sent the hounds to some distance, and the deer getting its wind, went again a ring of about ten miles, and returning nearly to the same place, she became enamoured with a baker and his horse, who jocosely humoured her, and with great judgment went over the finest downs; making several doubles, gave the sportsmen an opportunity of seeing the hunting of the hounds, and at times trying the speed of their horses; but the baker's horse being nearly exhausted, and he wishing to shew her more civility than her namesake received at St. Stephen's, he rode up to a large gorse cover, and stopped; and *Miss Taylor* lay down by his side, leering at him till the hounds came up, when of course they were stopped. But the story of having followed the horse seeming so incredible to the Colonel, and it being the wish of the field to see whether it was true, the baker was desired to go off again, when the deer jumped up, and actually followed his horse for three miles; when the baker, well knowing the country, rode directly to the inn at Everley, and the deer followed his horse into the stable. A handsome subscription was then made for the baker, for his ingenuity, and the sport he had contributed.—This was intended as the last day of hunting; but, from the strong solicitations of the whole field, the Colonel consented to one or two days more sport.

THE HISTORY OF EPPING FOREST.

THE forest of Epping, or, as it is called in all charters, Waltham Forest, lies on the eastern side of the river Lee, in the county of

of Essex, and, till the middle of the last century, was well stocked with red and fallow deer, though not in such numbers as before the civil wars, in the time of the usurpation, when the greatest part of the game was destroyed; however, it has even yet some herds of deer, and is abundantly supplied with other species of game, and a number of rabbit warrens.

In the Saxon times, the property of Epping Forest was in the Crown, but Edward the Confessor, in a fit of devotion, gave a large part of it to the Abbot and Canons of Waltham Abbey, as appears by the Charter of Confirmation, yet extant among the records in the Tower. In this Charter, its limits are exactly defined, and since revised and confirmed by an inquisition and perambulation of the forest, in the 17th of the reign of Charles the First, before a most respectable jury of the county, and there its bounds are stated to begin at the bridge at Stratford-le-Bow, passing along to Ilford, towards Romford; from that to Havering, Dagenham, Navestock, Theydon Boys, to the town of Epping, Thornwood, and so on to the river Lea, on the north side of Waltham, a tract of great extent, but which is now in a great measure *dissa-forested*, by the exertions of industry and agriculture, and by the citizens of London, who now live in splendour and affluence, where formerly the beasts of the forest alone could find shelter.

In this inquistion it was found, that the villages of Wanstead, Layton, Walthamstow, and Woodford, Loughton, Chigwell, Lamborne, and Stapleford, were wholly within the bounds of the forest, and that Stratford, Westham, Eastham, Great and Little Ilford, Barking, &c. were only partly within its limits.

Though a considerable part of the forest was granted to the monks, including the manor called Harold's Park, yet the King was still the paramount Lord, and as such received the right of hunting, *verd and vert*, &c. &c. and also granted many privileges, not only to the lords of manors around the forest, but also to the different parishes in and about it, such as rights of common, pasturage, &c.

The rights of the monks on the forest were well defined on all sides, except on the west, where the river having shifted its channel, great disputes arose concerning the property of the meadows and marshes, between the monks and the parishioners of Cheshunt, who claimed right of common and pasturage even on the Epping side of the Lea. This dispute was for a long time kept up, both by law-suits and personal broils; yet though the men of Cheshunt were so inimical to these holy fathers, it would appear that some of the fair sex within the parish were determined to make them amends.

These ladies formed a holy sisterhood in the nunnery of Cheshunt (now turned into a villa), and took a great pleasure in keeping a kind of neighbourly acquaintance with the pious canons of Waltham, though both parties suffered considerable disgrace, for the kind entertainment, so often and so tenderly dispensed by these clergywomen in petticoats. In the reign of Harry the Eighth, who was much disposed to amuse himself, not only with the *folly*, but also with the *treasures* of the monks, Sir Henry Colt, of Netherhall, in Essex, a great favourite with the King, for his

his practical jokes and witty conceits when at Court, took leave of his Majesty suddenly in the evening, promising to return early next morning. The merry Knight hastened to Waltham Abbey, being informed by some of his people, that the monks would return that very night from Cheshunt nunnery, where they had been for some time secretly quartered.

Sir Henry, in consequence of this information, pitched a buckstall, (with which he was accustomed to catch deer in the forest) in the narrowest part of the marsh, where he knew they must pass over, leaving some of his confederates to manage his plan.

The holy brothers, with some of the animated fair-ones, who were unwilling to part with their friends so soon, having advanced some distance from the nunnery, were alarmed by a loud noise and shouting behind them, and fearing to be discovered, they extinguished their lights, judging well that they could find their way even in the dark in a path so well known to them all.

Hastening to the bridge, they ran into the buckstall, and the whole bevy were caught.—Vulcan, when he threw his net over the bully Mars and his frail rib, was not so highly pleased as these foresters were with their game; and the whole party were detained until the King arrived in the morning, in company with Sir Henry Colt. The jolly monarch, shaking his fat sides, swore by his troth, although he had often seen sweeter, yet had never met with more beautiful or fatter venison.

The speedy dissolution of the monasteries soon put a stop to the poaching of the monks, and the *preserves* of Cheshunt were thrown open to the *common*.

The monks being thus *hunted* off the forest, the King re-claimed his rights, and the forest, with all the game, became the property of the Crown. From this period till the beginning of the last century, the royal buck-hounds often hunted over Epping Forest, and there is now a tradition preserved amongst the keepers, that the kennel used in these temporary visits was in the bottom, at the back of the Eagle Inn, at Snaresbrook.

On the resumption of the royal rights at the Restoration, the charge and keeping of the forest was granted to a Ranger, with all the usual privileges. In the reign of George the Second, the Rangership was given, as an hereditary grant from the Crown, to Sir Josiah Child, together with many parcels of land in the forest, and the property of all the *red* deer, the fallow deer and other game being still reserved. This Rangership descended to the late Earl Tylney, and is now the property of the heiress of the Tylney estates; the office, during her minority, vests in the executors, and is deputed to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Wanstead.

About seventy years ago, a party of gentlemen in the neighbourhood (of whom the names of Harvey of Chigwell, of Kingscote, and of Lorton, the first sportsmen in England, are still remembered even to a degree of enthusiasm) proposed to collect a kennel of stag-hounds, and the then Ranger being himself a member, granted them leave to hunt the red deer, which were his own property. This hunt was called the Ladies' Hunt, as many ladies in the neighbourhood joined in it. The meetings were in general at Fencepiece, near Hainault Forest, and there was an anniversary meeting

ing on *Easter Monday*, with a dinner, ball, &c. &c. To this Easter meeting, it was customary for the Londoners to resort, some as invited guests, others as strangers, merely to enjoy the holiday sports.

These hounds, from being kept at Lord Tylney's, were for many years called the Tylney hounds, and were first hunted by a man of the name of Fuller, who is still remembered by many on the forest for his peculiarities; after that by Bishop, and lastly by old Will Deane, who rode after them for seven-and-forty years, and is still alive, although in that time he married four wives, and had eleven bones broke. This old man must be well remembered by the Essex and London sportsmen, and there is now a good likeness of him at the Woodford Wells.

After the removal of Earl Tylney to the Continent, the hounds still hunted the forest, with permission, and were kept up by the sporting gentlemen, being entrusted to old Deane, who received a handsome salary for feeding them, &c. But after some time, Mr. Mellish, father to the present member for Middlesex, had them removed to his own kennel at Chinkford-Hatch, where he paid the utmost attention to them himself, and being a keen sportsmen, they were called Mellish's hounds.

After this, though the ball and other entertainments were discontinued, yet the annual Easter Hunt was still kept up, until a few years ago, when the unfortunate death of Mr. Mellish, (who was shot by footpads) which happened a very short time before Easter, put a stop to it for one season.

The next year the stag-hounds, under the patronage of Mr. W. Mellish, broke into cover, and enlivened the forest with their animating cry, and continued to do so until his removal to his present seat at Bush Hill, when the hounds were sold, and the hunt broke up. These stag-hounds are described by a sportsman, who often hunted, as being of a superior kind, indeed only exceeded by his Majesty's pack in Windsor Forest. They were all of the white colour, with yellow spots, and no others were permitted to join the pack.

The following Easter passed off without any hunt; but for three years past, several sportsmen in the neighbourhood, particularly the landlords of the Woodford Wells, Roebuck, Bald-faced Stag, and others, have assembled a good pack of hounds; and Mr. Bullock, the acting Ranger, with the most considerate politeness, permits them to have a red deer for the occasion. There is now also a subscription pack of fox-hounds at Woodford Wells, under the care of the landlord at that well-known Sunday resort, the Horse and Jockey. Amongst those who are foremost in these sports, we need only mention the names of Archer of Coopersall, Harding, Perrier, Champion, Martin, Conyers of Copt Hall, &c. &c.——To say more to the sporting world would be needless.

GRIEVING'S A FOLLY.

A new Play, performed by the Drury-Lane Company, at the Lyceum, Strand.

ON Friday, April 21, was presented a very pleasing alleviation to the misfortunes of the above Company, in the fact of a New Comedy being produced, intituled "GRIEVING'S A FOLLY;" which

was

was very favourably received, and must become a source of pleasure to the Public, of fame to the Author, and of emolument to the performers, to whom it is gratuitously presented by the Parent of the Dramatic Bantling, Mr. Lee, of Bexley, in Kent.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Herbert (Lord Mortimer)	Mr. Siddons.
Sir Oliver Cypress	Mr. Dowton.
Captain Cypress	Mr. De Camp.
Mr. Belford	Mr. Powell.
Charles Sedley	Mr. Holland.
Crape	Mr. Bannister.
O'Harrolan	Mr. Johnstone.
Joe	Mr. Mathews.
Woodburn	Mr. Fisher.
Jonathan	Mr. Maddocks.
Mrs. Mordaunt	Mrs. Powell.
Ellen	Mrs. H. Siddons.
Susan	Miss Kelly.

THE FABLE.

Mr. Herbert, residing in Italy on account of the indisposition of his Lady, was recalled to England by the death of his relation, Lord Mortimer, on which event he succeeded to the title and estate: on his return to Bologna, he discovered that Mrs. Herbert had eloped with a friend of his, Count D'Alembert—Pursuing them to Florence, and disappointed in his hopes of an honourable atonement, by D'Alembert's sudden flight, he returned to England, where intelligence reached him that Mrs. Herbert had died in child-birth. Having for eighteen years led an unsettled melancholy life, he becomes tenant of a cottage belonging to Sir Oliver Cypress, whose Lady is just deceased, and whose affected grief forms a contrast to the feelings pourtrayed by Lord Mortimer.

Lord Mortimer, in his retirement, had formed his friendship with Charles Sedley, the lover of Ellen, the supposed daughter-in-law of O'Harrolan, a farmer on Sir Oliver's estate.—In O'Harrolan's house lodged Mrs. Mordaunt, who had particularly interested herself in the education and instruction of Ellen. Charles Sedley's uncle, Mr. Belford, a near friend of Lord Mortimer's, was supposed to be shipwrecked on his passage from the West Indies; he, however, arrives, having been detained by the villainy of a confidential clerk, who had embezzled his property and fled to Italy, whither Belford pursuing him, traced him to Bologna, where he saw D'Alembert, who, dying, made an avowal of Lady Mortimer's innocence, and of the arts he had successfully employed to separate them. Captain Cypress, Sir Oliver's son, had formed a design to carry off Ellen, which he endeavours to effectuate by means of Crape, an undertaker; but is prevented by Lord Mortimer, who rescues Ellen. The alarm of her danger induces Mrs. Mordaunt to follow her, and in the protector she discovers her husband. D'Alembert's villainy is now explained, and Lady Mortimer informs her Lord that Ellen is his daughter, whose birth occasioned the report of her death; and the piece concludes with Lord Mortimer's bestowing on his friend Sedley the hand of Ellen.

REMARKS.

Even the merited severity of criticism would be disarmed at the idea of attacking the tribute of benevolence to casual misfortune; but we were happy to observe no such lenity was necessary. The Comedy is good, and must become a favourite.

In the Epilogue, Bannister traced his theatrical life very happily.—The House was crowded.

THE

THE KNIFE EATER.

THE following authentic information relating to an extraordinary medical case, has been published from Guy's Hospital: John or William Cumming, an American seaman, while in France in 1799, seeing some itinerant jugglers pretend to swallow knives, was induced, in a moment of intoxication, to do the same in reality, and actually swallowed four clasp knives, such as sailors commonly use; all of which he got rid of in a few days, without much inconvenience. Six years afterwards, he performed another feat of the kind at Boston, by swallowing fourteen of different sizes; by these, however, he was much disordered, but recovered in the Infirmary at Charleston, near Boston, where the knives are preserved.

Being captured on board an American ship, by his Majesty's frigate Isis, in the latter end of 1805, he entered the British service; and having boasted of his former exploits, he was unfortunately prevailed on to gratify idle curiosity, by swallowing seventeen on two successive days. He was immediately seized with violent pains, incessant retching, and other alarming symptoms, requiring the aid of the surgeon, under whose care he remained for eighteen months from that time, when he was discharged as unserviceable. He was twice in Guy's Hospital, under Dr. Babington, in 1807; and was again admitted in 1808, by Dr. Curry, under whose care he continued for the last seven months of his life; the whole of that time being passed in almost constant pain, and progressive wasting, until the end of the month of March, 1809, when he died.

On examining the body after death, fourteen knife-blades, and a number of back-springs, were found in his stomach; all of them much corroded, and some nearly dissolved. A brass button, and part of a silver knife, were scarcely affected; but the horn handles and iron linings of the other knives were either dissolved, or had been passed downwards.

The immediate cause of his death was the back spring of a large clasp knife, which had penetrated through the intestines into the cavity of the belly. Two other back-springs had got down still lower, and were fixed across the gut, so as to be felt by the finger. Though the blades and back-springs found in the stomach were extremely ragged and sharp, yet this organ was not penetrated by them in any part; and what is still more surprising, he could bear considerable pressure there, and at times took food with appetite.

Cumming was remembered to have been in Charleston Hospital in 1805, by a gentleman from Boston, now in London; and if any doubt could remain after the inspection of the body, his exploit on board the Isis, at Portsmouth, has been confirmed in the fullest manner by Captain Ommany, the Commander, and Dr. Lara, of Portsea, who was surgeon of that ship. The knives, as taken out of the stomach, with the stomach itself, are preserved at Guy's Hospital.

Many of the knives he swallowed were four inches long, and one inch and a quarter across the widest part of the blade and handle.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE Essex Hunt had their last meeting, for this season, at the City of London Tavern, the end of last month, when it was agreed to hunt four times a week next season; and for the accommodation of the gentlemen farmers who attend Romford market, they will hunt on a Thursday. We are informed, from good authority, that the Hunt intends giving a cup value fifty guineas, to be run for by Gentlemen Farmers, in the district of the Essex Hunt. The hounds have had great sport since Christmas; but very few foxes have beat them; and as the pack will be more complete, and the manager better acquainted with the country, next season, the most sanguine expectations are entertained, when that time arrives, that great sport will accompany it.

Extract of a Letter from Norwich, dated April 1.

The present has been a week of much interest among the sporting world in this neighbourhood, no less than three doe hunts having taken place. The first was on Monday, by Capt. Darell's hounds, a doe being turned off on Forncett common, to a very large field of gentlemen:—the chase, though hard, proved but short, the doe being lamed; after shutting her up, however, for a few hours, she was turned off again in a true sporting style, and the hounds hunted well; but in going down a lane she was headed by a foot passenger, and pulled down by the hounds.

On the following day a doe, which had been hunted twice before, was turned off at Caister, near this city; after making a circuit of 14 or 15 miles in excellent style, she crossed the river near Mulbarton, and proceeded over the common, just at the time when the Norwich squadron of light horse volunteers, who had been performing the evolutions of a field-day, were preparing to return home. In an instant the military, "armed at point exactly *cap-à-pee*," joined in the chase, to which, it will readily be conceived, their numbers and appearance gave a grand *éclat*. Being closely pursued by the hounds, the doe was forced to take to a pond of water, but being driven out from thence, she pursued a new course with redoubled speed, and after a chase of three hours and ten minutes, was taken alive in a shed at Mangreen.

On Wednesday a doe, from Lord Wodehouse's park, was turned off; she, however, shewed but little sport.

LORD Lowther's horse Tot is matched against Sir C. Bunbury's Fair Star, at the Second Newmarket Meeting, for 200 guineas.

THE Duke of Rutland's horse Snowdrift is matched against General Grosvenor's Azalia, for 200 guineas, at the next Newmarket July Meeting.

THREE horses started for the Easter plate, on Barham-Downs, this year, which was won by Mr. Howard's

Howard's black horse, after affording excellent sport.

A NOBLE peer, and a popular member of the lower house, are both said to have been lately considerably *minus* in their *hazardous* speculations.

AMONG the *knowing* circles, a new term has found its way into their vocabulary of gaming. In all appeals to chance, by the turn of a piece of money, the old designation of "head or woman," is changed for the apt allusion of "*Duke* or *Darling*."

ASTONISHING Performance.—The wonderful mare belonging to Mr. Wilson, the liveryman, which performed thirty miles in one hour and forty minutes, on Thursday the 6th instant, finished a task unprecedented in the sporting calendar. The owner of the mare backed her on the 28th ult. for a wager of 200 guineas, to go fifty miles in three hours and a half, being at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. The animal went off in high condition on the Thursday, on the Woodford road, and did above fifteen miles within the hour, at a steady trot, and continued to do the same in the next two hours; the difficulty in the performance was the last five miles in the last half hour, which was done in four minutes less than the given time. Betting was seven to four, and two to one, against the mare.

ON Sunday evening, the 23d, two young fellows agreed to gallop down Highgate-hill for a wager; one of the horses stumbled, and the rider broke his neck.

TROTTING MATCH.—On Easter Monday, a match was decided between the colt called Young Adonis, the property of Mr. James Neve, of Terrington St. Clement's, Norfolk; and Hue-and-Cry, eight yrs old, the property of Mr. James Mather, of the same place—five miles, for 20l.: which was performed by the colt in nineteen minutes, after turning round three times, and playing with his opponent past the fourth mile-stone, then beating him two furlongs, and carrying thirteen stone.

MR. King, the celebrated pigeon shot, undertook, on the 4th instant, for fifty guineas, to kill eighteen birds from a trap at twenty-one yards distance from the gun, which he performed with a bird to spare. He undertook, for a similar wager, to kill, with a double-barreled gun, eight birds out of ten, two being turned loose at once; but in this he failed by two.

A POINT of Honour.—A few days since two French officers, prisoners of war on parole at Bishop's Waltham, having had a dispute, they agreed to decide the affair in an honourable way. A meeting was appointed in a field near the town, but a difficulty occurred in procuring weapons. It appears that the combatants were only in possession of one sword, and a case knife. French ingenuity made a pike of the knife, by confining it to the end of a stick; but the sword being considered the best weapon, they resolved to cast lots who should have it. After the sword and knife had been fairly placed in their hands, the duel commenced, and the swordsman gave his antagonist three wounds, one on the face, another on the arm, and a third across the body. The pikeman gave several dangerous hurts, and both fell on the ground; they remained bleeding and

and disabled, until they were discovered by several passengers, who conveyed them to a public house in the vicinity. The officer who received the cuts from the sabre, was not expected to recover. His antagonist is out of danger.

Pugilism.—Gully and Crib, hitherto considered the *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, the *Pylades* and *Orestes*, in the pugilistic world, are likely to enter the lists as antagonists at no great distance of time. The friendship that subsisted between these first-rate heroes had been often assailed by the arts of envious intriguers and lovers of mischief; but it stood firm and unshaken by all their fraud and malice. Some recent losses, however, it is said, have soured Crib's temper, under the influence of which, according to report, he has betrayed symptoms of a disposition, if well cultivated and encouraged, to dispute the palm with Gully, who certainly now stands first in the ranks of pugilistic fame. Should a fight take place between them, it will be the most tremendous and interesting ever witnessed. Gully is allowed to be admirable in all his points, and is considered one of the most superb pugilistic figures that ever entered the *arena*. He is the favourite; but even his friends allow that Crib excels him in *gluttony*. They boast that he cannot be *satisfied*, and that he can carry away more beating than any man can give him.

A pitched battle was fought last month, at Heyfield Common, Hants, between Davey, (who was the Gully of the country, he having beat Flowers, the coachman, near Hounslow, a few weeks since) and a native of Lansdowne, the nursery for boxers, of the name of Hinton, who keeps a farm near Nupledurham. It was a desperate battle, which lasted an hour without shifting. Both of them were dreadfully beat; but Davey was conquered by some hits, not to be stopped, of a tremendous kind, which his adversary placed on the left side of his face in almost every round. Davey fought at the body, and succeeded in planting most of his blows. The match was for 200l.

On Sunday morning, the 9th, two labouring men at Stanmore, Middlesex, went out to fight on Stanmore Common, and, after a long contest, one of them expired whilst on the ground. The Coroner (Mr. Hodgson) held an inquisition on the Wednesday following, on the body, and a verdict of Manslaughter was delivered. It did not appear whether the deceased had been killed by a blow, or by over exertion.

Sparring Matches.—At the Fives Court, the end of last month, there was a considerable meeting of amateurs, to patronise the benefit of Gregson, the pugilist, who is about to commence publican, as being more lucrative than prize-fighting. Gully, Crib, the two Belchers, and all the professors of note, gave their assistance, and the setting-to, which was not altogether bloodless, afforded pleasure to the assembly. A new mode of setting-to was introduced, but it will not be acted upon, as one of the Belchers clearly demonstrated.—Gregson has very much improved by the gloves, and in mere setting-to is equal to those by whom he has been beaten. About four hundred persons were present.

Gregson has since had another benefit, at the Fives Court, St. Martin's-

Martin's-lane, which was attended by several hundreds of persons.—The setting-to was between Gregson and young Belcher, (which was a novel match) Cropley and Dogherty, &c. &c. Gully and Crib were not present.—Some matches were made for real battles.

Mr. Lawrence, veterinary surgeon, of Birmingham, states, that "a disease of the epidemic kind prevails at present amongst horses, in all parts of the kingdom. It is most generally known by the name of "the Distemper." It is of the inflammatory kind, and generally attacks the lungs in a greater or less degree. It arises, most probably, from the suppression of the insensible perspiration, which so often occurs during the prevalence of cold easterly winds. It is generally very improperly treated by the administration of cordials and heating medicines, in which case the inflammatory symptoms are increased, and death ensues. Bleeding to the amount of three or four quarts, on the first appearance of the symptoms, will be found useful; but if the disease has gone on until a discharge from the nostrils has taken place (which is the natural mode of cure) bleeding should not be practised. In all stages of the complaint, mashes and diaphoretics should be given. We do not offer the above (says Mr. L.) as a substitute for proper medical assistance; but during the existence of so general a calamity, we feel prompted to render all the service we can, by pointing out what ought to be abstained from, as injurious to the animal when labouring under this disease."

From the severity of the late winter, the mortality among the deer throughout the country has been greater than was ever known. It is supposed that not less than from between four and five hundred have died in Salcey Forest, Northamptonshire, since November last.

On Tuesday evening, the 28th ult. at nine o'clock, one Hensley, for a wager of ten guineas, started from the Horse and Groom, in the Curtain Road, Shoreditch, to go on foot to Swallow-street, Piccadilly, and to return to the Horse and Groom, in fifty minutes, the distance of ground being more than seven miles and a half; which he accomplished in one minute less than the time allowed, notwithstanding the streets being very wet and muddy.

On the 12th instant was run, over Knutsford Heath, one of the most severe and well-contested races ever witnessed there by the oldest inhabitant of the place, or its vicinity. It was a match between Abraham Wood, the celebrated Lancashire pedestrian, and Shipley, from Nottinghamshire, of noted racing celebrity, which was won by the former, beating his competitor so little, that the judges were embarrassed, and some time in declaring the winner. The sum they ran for was 210l. the distance 440 yards, and was performed in the short space of fifty-six seconds.

A wager of fifty guineas was made on the 29th ult. between Captain Hare and Mr. Cortey, of Wigmore-street, Gent. that the latter did not go from Sevenoaks to Blackfriars-bridge, in two hours and forty minutes, on the 17th of April. On the day appointed, Mr. Cortey started at Sevenoaks, with the weather very unfavourable for the undertaking, and he did nine miles

miles in the first hour. The distance is twenty-three miles, and the pedestrian went eight miles and a half in the second hour, having to do five miles and a half in the remaining forty minutes. He was wet through in going the first three miles, and the weather beat him to a stand-still, a mile from the Bricklayers' Arms, when he resigned. He was backed at evens to perform the task, and would doubtless have succeeded, but for the weather.

Extraordinary Activity.—A young man (formerly flugle to the 1st Hereford Volunteers) lately went through the platoon exercise, in a field near Oxford, and actually loaded and discharged his firelock, in a soldier-like manner, fourteen times within the space of fifty-nine seconds!

On a Sunday evening, last month, two servants of Hervey Fellard, Esq. were set to watch some private waters at Stillhouse, Bucks, the fish having been taken away at various times. About two o'clock in the morning, two fellows had laid their flues, when the guards approached them, and one of the fellows immediately fired a pistol, and shot one of them. The other was obliged to escape, as did the poachers. The one who fired was habited in a blue great coat, and his companion wore a blue striped frock. They were strangers to the neighbourhood, and no trace has yet been made of them.

At the Shrewsbury Assizes, a cause, *Jones* v. *Jones*, was tried, highly interesting both to inn-keepers and travellers. It was an action brought against the defendant, who keeps the Feathers Inn, at Wrexham, for the recovery of 400l. the amount of bank-notes stolen from an inside waistcoat pocket of the plaintiff's servant, while asleep at the above inn, in the month of November last.—The Jury, under the direction of the learned Judge as to the law of the case, found a verdict for the plaintiff to the full amount of the loss, 400l.

At the last Suffolk Assizes, the three following causes were tried:

Talbot v. *Eagle*.—This was an action brought against the defendant, for using a gun for the destruction of game, and for having game in his possession, not being qualified; and the learned Judge being of opinion the defence set up, "that the defendant was the eldest son and heir apparent of an Esquire," was not established by the defendant's father bearing a commission as Captain in a Volunteer Corps, the Jury gave a verdict for plaintiff, damages, 10l.

Fisher v. *Wilkinson*.—An action brought against the defendant, for shooting a pheasant in September; verdict for the plaintiff, damages, 5l.; but an objection was taken, upon a variance in the record from the evidence; in the former the parish was written "T*a*ddenham," and not T*u*ddenham, where the pheasant was shot.

Ladbrooke v. *Frost*.—An action against the defendant for keeping a snare for the destruction of game, which being proved by his dropping several down, upon being met with early in the morning near Sir Robt. Harland's grounds, the Jury (which was a special one) gave a verdict for the plaintiff, damages 5l.

William Elvey, who was convicted at the Canterbury April Sessions, 1808, for cutting off the manes and tails of horses belonging to

to Mr. Tassell, a farmer, near Wye, and sentenced to be imprisoned for twelve months, and publicly whipped, contrived to effect his escape from the gaol of St. Dunstan's, in that city, in the month of May following; but being retaken in January last, he was, on the 19th instant, pursuant to his sentence, taken to Wye, where he was publicly whipped in the market-place for the space of one hundred yards.

An unfortunate accident happened at the Montpelier ground, at Walworth, on the 26th instant. As a detachment of the Duke of Cumberland's Corps of Sharp-Shooters were exercising by firing with ball, in three divisions at three targets, a boy, named Robert Waters, who was stationed as marker at the centre target, when he had marked the shot retired to the right, but went so far that the first shot from the right entered his body, just under the left breast. Mr. Carter, an eminent surgeon, immediately attended, and the ball could not at first be extracted or found. He is, however, since declared out of danger, and the person who so carelessly fired has been dismissed the Corps.

A poor woman was put in terrible consternation at Hoxford bridge, near Morpeth, lately, by the appearance of an otter deliberately walking across the floor. Never having seen one before, she gave repeated screams, which brought a female neighbour to her assistance. When this Amazon saw the object of her terror, she seized a spade and dispatched it; she then looked under the bed whence she had issued, and discovered another of the same species, which she also killed. The two skins are now in the possession of a butcher in North Shields, who purchased them of the woman. It is supposed they had entered the house the preceding evening, as the door had been standing open for some time.

Curious Circumstance.—As a man belonging to the Victualling Office, Chatham, was lately walking along with a 10l. Rochester bank-note in his hand, for which he was going to procure change, a young goat, belonging to the Agent Victualler, which approached unperceived, made a sudden spring at the note, ran off with it in her mouth, and devoured it in an instant. The man, alarmed at the loss he feared he should sustain, stood looking at the goat, in silent apprehension, till he saw her leap upon a cask, and lie quietly down to chew the cud. The gentleman to whom the note belonged was made acquainted with the circumstance, communicated it to the agent, and asked permission to administer some oil, which he expected would cause the animal to disgorge the valuable morsel, she had so unexpectedly masticated and swallowed. The proposition was rejected by the agent as useless, but he instantly adopted a more efficient mode of conduct, by immediately sending for a butcher, and causing the unfortunate goat to be slaughtered; at the same time giving particular directions that no part of the contents of the stomach should be thrown away, without being very narrowly searched. The stomach of the animal was carefully taken out and examined, but not the smallest particle of paper was observable, although not more than a quarter of an hour had elapsed after it had been eaten by the goat. The search was about

about to be given up, when a man, who had been picking amongst the half-digested food, with a sharp-pointed instrument, at last drew out what he thought was a very small piece of paper; it was rolled extremely close, and was not thicker than very thin packthread: on putting it into water, and moving it about, it at last unfolded, and proved to be a part of the note, about the size of a sixpence; further search produced a few more pieces, which were unfolded in the same manner, and were placed on a piece of paper; all that could be discovered, however, did not amount to a fourth part of the note. The pieces were presented to Messrs. Day and Co. to whom the circumstances were related, and they very handsomely paid the value, to the great joy of the poor fellow from whom the note had been taken.

Cruelty to Animals.—The following is a full account of a remarkable instance of Divine reproof for cruelty to animals, which is mentioned to have occurred lately at Fulham :—

" A man, who had for many years been remarkable for inhumanity and gross cruelty to his horses, had been by frequent blows urging one of these useful animals to perform more than it was able, and almost sinking under his master's ill treatment, it was seized with a spasm on its jaw, which those around termed a locked jaw, and when they entreated the wretch to shew compassion, he swore violently, and said he would soon unlock his jaw, and instead of being softened by the distress of the beast, he attempted to strike him with the heavy end of his whip, but by some accident, instead of the horse, he struck his own face, and was intantly seized with a spasm in his throat and jaws, and in this state he was taken to St. George's hospital, where he continued in the same condition nearly a week, when he died.

" During the time he was in the hospital he was unable to swallow, and his speech was very inarticulate; but he was frequently in an imperfect manner heard to swear horribly till within a few hours of his death; when, it is supposed, he felt his end approaching suddenly, as well as he could speak, he said, Pray! Pray! and made signs to those around him to kneel down; he seemed at that moment to supplicate the mercy, which we hope might be extended to him. Those who were present witnessed a scene which they never can forget.

" The Rev. Mr. Owen, Curate of Fulham, on the Sunday after the death of the above man, preached an excellent and impressive sermon on the occasion; in which he cautioned all who heard him to avoid a crime which must be so offensive to the " Father of Mercies," and which had been so signally and so justly punished by his awful visitation."

The ladies of fashion have lately bestowed much taste and expence on chairs for their favourite amusement of swinging. A beautiful vehicle of this description was made for the Princess Charlotte of Wales. The seat is very high, of crimson Morocco, with a profusion of gold ornaments. The back, mahogany curiously inlaid, and the Prince of Wales's crest painted over the words, *Anno Domini* 1808. A superb canopy and tassels is suspended over the seat, and the whole is well suited to the safety of the Princess.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

SAM SEAR'S THREE TOKENS;

OR,

John Hurdler's Tale.

I Never pass that mill below the wear,
But as I pass, I think of poor SAM SEAR:
For there he liv'd, as easy as could be,
An honest, plodding, simple soul was he,
Well known to all the villagers around
For many a mile, and still their corn he ground:
As punctual as the morn, with sacks a store,
The constant miller call'd at ev'ry door;
The children ran familiar when he came,
Patted his horse, and call'd him by his name,
And hail'd the grist—welcome to all who bake,
Forerunner of nice tart, and hot plum-cake.

Now Sam had mighty faith in signs and dreams,
Tokens, and ghosts, and tattling gossips' themes:
He could expound the mewing of a cat,
Howl of a dog, or scratching of a rat;
A death-watch ticking at his own bed-side,
Always fore-doom'd a neighbour ere he died;
Nor could a screech-owl scream, or raven croak,
But its portent was told to cottage folk!

Once, on a long dark night, of hail and rain,
Sam restless woke, and slept, and woke again.
He waited long, to hear the striking clock,
Or the first crowing of the early cock;
For past the hour of twelve, it was, he guess'd,
Then sought he to compose himself to rest:
But the bleak wind howl'd hollow o'er the moor,
And three low knocks assail'd the bolted door—
And hark! a voice that might the oldest scare,
Distinctly calls, "Sam Sear! Sam Sear! Sam Sear!"

Down in his bed he shrunk, and pull'd the rug,
In agitation, o'er his burning lug—
So morning worms, disturb'd by early tread,
Shrink back into their holes, and hide the head.
He lay, and held his breath for very fear,
Nor durst his nose above the pillow rear.
At length he feels his courage half re-new'd,
And strives to chase the terrors that in-trude;
By slow degrees they leave his vapour'd brain,
And sleep returns, to close his eyes again.
Not long he slept, and only woke to hear
The self-same sounds, "Sam Sear! Sam Sear! Sam Sear!"

His rushing hair (to fancy's feeling) rose,
And, with a bristly tumult, rais'd the clothes,
Beneath whose weight he groan'd, and buried lay,
Like delving hog beneath a stack of hay:
A cold, cold dew, ran trickling o'er his frame,
And fast his fainting spirits went and came.

The tedious hour lagg'd on, with heavy pace;

At length he ventures to unveil his face,
To take one peep, if yet he may descry
A streak of dawn along the eastern sky:
When, hark! the dreadful voice salutes his ear
Three times again—"Sam Sear! Sam Sear! Sam Sear!"

Oh! who can tell what pangs this daring cost!
Without a doubt he gave himself for lost!
He felt his heart within him dying fast:
"Aye! aye!" thought he, "my time is come at last!
Not only thrice it call'd, but three times three—
Nine days, perhaps, are all allotted me!"
Then he bethought himself of many a sin,
While ev'ry bone was quaking in his skin,
But div'd so deep, and stopp'd his ears so hard,
That future sounds were utterly debarr'd.

Imagine, you that can, how long the night
To him appear'd—and how most wel-come, light:
With trembling haste, he huddles on his clothes,
Unbars the door, and to the stable goes.
A snore, or groan, first startled him, I ween,
But soon he pluck'd up courage, and peep'd in;
There, underneath the manger, coil'd, he saw
His friend, *John Woodrow*, grov'ling in the straw.
That night poor *John*, by *Jack o'Lantern* led,
Had been entic'd an endless maze to tread;
Losing his way, from town returning late,
Somewhat with fumes of ale confus'd his pate,
Had flounder'd thro' the mire, and thro' the flood,
Till, half-exhausted grown, and cas'd with mud,
Had bawl'd till tir'd, at Sam's unopen'd door,
Then sought this place to rest, and bawl'd no more.

"So, So!" the Miller cried, with valour stout,
"Now I perceive the cause of all this rout;
I verily believ'd, as I have breath,
Your call on me, last night, betoken'd death."
"*Fegs*, and 'twas nearly true," poor *Woodrow* cried,
"For had you staid much longer, I had died;
I am so wet and cold, that I require
A breakfast, and a comfortable fire."
"That thou shalt have," cried Sam, "with all my heart;
I'll tap the cider—come and take a part:
I warrant *John*, (and don't you think me right?)
We both shall long remember this sad night.

G. T.

A SOLILOQUY.

I Fought not for laurels nor bays,
If you think so, you're wide of the mark;
All my glory—a whisper of praise
From the lips of my sweet Mistress Clarke!

Now her praises I dare not to seek,
For she has not of pity one spark:
But smiles on the wretch who will speak
Against him, who once lov'd Mistress Clarke.

I wander each day in the grove,
At O—tl—ds, the H—se G—ds and Park;
Whilst W—d—ll the Commons doth move,
At the instance of false Mistress Clarke.

When I visit my fam'd G—nw—d tree,
Where she carv'd her dread name on its bark,
I say to myself, "Woe is me!"
That I ever should keep Mistress Clarke.

Oh! now the delusion is gone,
All around me is gloomy and dark;
I am scoff'd at, and left quite alone,
For the world all believe Mistress Clarke.

The sun never shone on such lies,
Since Noah came out of the ark,
As she tells, whilst she rolls her bright eyes
On the Members—Oh! fie, Mistress Clarke!

Once soft were the notes of her song,
Sweeter far than the linnet or lark;

But

But those which now flow from her tongue
Prove the rancour of base Mrs. Clarke.

'To view her was transport divine,
To hear still more blissful—but hark!
What's that voice? (surely misery's mine)—
'Tis the *Nation's*—"*Go on, Mistress Clarke.*"

LINES,

On a young Lady of the Name of Whiting.

BY AN OFFICER.

SURE *Whiting* is no fasting dish,
Let priests say what they dare;
I'd rather have my dainty *Fish*
Than all their Christmas fare.

So sweet, so innocent, so free,
From all that tends to strife,
O, happy man! whose lot shall be,
To *swim* with her through life.

Whatever *bait* Love e'er could make,
To *catch* my *Fish* I'd try;
I'd be a *gentle* for her sake,
Or artificial *fly*.

But Venus, goddess of the *flood*,
Does all my pray'rs deny,
And surly Mars cries "D—n your blood,
You've other *fish* to *fry*."

NO POET.

THE HISTORY OF A PAIR OF INEXPRESSIBLES.

GIVE me leave to relate
The unfortunate fate
Of a pair of tremendous large breeches;
Which were call'd, as folks say,
Small-clothes in their day,
And were made by one Samuel Stitches.

Full *three weeks* they grac'd
A gay jockey, who rac'd,
A buck of most dashing demeanor;
Then he threw them aside,
And they flatter'd the pride
Of Thomas, who was his boot-cleaner.

Yet Thomas, we find,
Had a true sporting mind,
For he sported six months in these breeches;
And at races we know,
Though his bet was but low,
He would lay half-a-crown of his riches.

But the best friends must part,
And it griev'd Tom's sad heart
To sell what had given such grace,
Yet poor Tom turn'd away,
For some cash, one *dry* day,
These breeches, transferr'd to Duke's-place.

One night, after dark,
A poor lawyer's clerk
Bought the breeches, now almost forgotten,
And they pleas'd him full well,
But, as truth I must tell,
He soon wore them threadbare and rotten.

Nought could snatch them fate,
And, as all have their date,
These *small*-clothes he sold for a trifle:
All their splendour forgot,
They are now gone to pot,
And the ragman their beauties will rifle.

March 1, 1809. J. M. L.

ODE TO MONEY.

THOU sweetest bliss of human life,
Uniting closely man and wife;
Thou canst the virgin's heart decoy,
And give old maids a sparkling joy.
Without thy aid, nought shines on earth
Of learning, title, or high birth;
E'en saints above their patents owe
To canonizing gold below.
Thou, Church and State's puissant good,
Canst rectify Imperial Blood!
Doctors, whom various symptoms guide,
In thy appearance most confide.
Conflicting lawyers, too, agree,
When they refer the cause to thee.
Bent to thy shrine, all trades adore,
Exulting in prolific store.
O! thou, who rulest ev'ry head,
That plods by day, or schemes in bed;
Thou Guinea! stamp of Britain's love!
Thou *Georgium Sidus* from above!
How thou canst cheer the poor man's heart!
Thou then dost act thy noblest part.
But when thou tak'st a vicious freak,
To bribe the knave, corrupt the weak,
Or liv'st the heartless miser's joy,
Thou then art worse than base alloy.

LINES

LINES,

On the notorious Mr. C——t being kicked out of a Hell, in St. James's-street, by Major G——d, for Mal-practices.

C——T, the mean, of shabby fame,
(Whom *Pigeons* know too well)
Was verging t'wards the shores of Styx,
To answer for his dirty tricks,
When Major G——d, in anger came,
And kick'd him *out* of Hell!

Oh! wondrous Major, quit thy sword,
(Which thou hast us'd so well)
And turn Divine! Then little knaves
Will learn to mend this side their graves,
Lest Major G——d should be implor'd
To kick them *into* Hell.

NO LEVANTER.

Foot's-Cray.

A NEW POLITICAL HUNTING SONG.

ALL sports of the forest, and sports of the field
To the joys of political hunting must yield;
And a season like this, both for sportsmen and game,
Was never yet heard of in fox-hunting fame;
For racing and mobbing, hard-riding and noise,
No hunt can compare with St. Stephen's brave boys;
And to crown all their sport, as they drew t'other day,
They found fast in a trap that arch fox C-stl-r-gh.

The first day they met, at a *stag* they ran riot,
Though C-nn-ng in vain crack'd his whip to keep quiet,
For away went the pack in full cry and full view,
Their game he was *royal*, to Windsor he flew;
But nothing could save him from fox-hounds so staunch,
They followed him up till they hung on his haunch;
He was fairly run down, tho' so bold was his start,
And his keepers convey'd him away in a cart.

The leading hound, W-rd-l, ran well, tho' untried,
And F-lk-ne and B-rd-tt were close at his side.
And though Wh-tb—d and R-m-lly stuck to the track,
In *fair* running the young hounds threw out the old pack;
For out of the whole, 'twas a shame and a sin,
There were but a hundred and twenty-five *in*;
Some shuffled, some skirted, and some run away;
We hope they'll hunt better my L—d C-stl-r-gh.

But the joys of *fox*-hunting are better by half,
For hunting *this stag* was but hunting *a calf;*
And the fox they've now got leaves all foxes behind,
For speed and for bottom, for wiles and for *wind!*
And ne'er with such chance of good sport have they *found,*
Since, some seasons back, they ran M-l-v-lle *to ground.*
But the sport of all sports is reserv'd for the day,
When out of a bag they turn L—d C-s-tl-r-gh.

Then let's wish 'em success in a bumper —Here goes,
And may the next fox they catch be the cunning old R—e!
When we fairly may hope to extirpate the breed
Of the *creatures of rapine* on England that feed;
For such foxes as these we may try for in vain,
We never shall meet with their equals again;
For the Devil must make up the *partie quarree,*
With old M-lv-lle, old R—e, and young L—d C-stl-r-gh.

NIMROD.

LINES

Upon a very pretty Girl, who was blind of the right Eye, and had a Brother blind of the left.

AH, lovely boy! the light possess'd by thee,
On thy fair sister could'st thou but confer,
In thee a perfect *Cupid* we should see,
A perfect *Venus* then behold in her!